The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1908.

The Week.

Mr. Taft's letter in condemnation of the Maryland plan for disfranchising the negro, will open the eyes of some people in the South. They have taken his cordial advances and amiable expressions of good will as a sign that he would wink at the injustice of tricky suffrage laws, designed to exclude all negroes, even if educated and property-owning, and to include all whites, even though poverty-stricken and illiterate. But that was a mistaken inference. Mr. Taft now leaves no doubt where he stands. He is against the enactment of any suffrage measure which would be unfair in operation as between the races. In dissecting the Maryland plan of dividing the voters into classes, he shows that the aim is to "free the whites from education or property qualifications, but to subject all negroes to them." This idea he truly declares to be repugnant to "the spirit of justice and equality," as well as in violation of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. The whole law, asserts Judge Taft, "ought to be condemned," and he calls upon every Republican, and every Democrat, who "desires equality of treatment to the black and white races" to oppose it. The doctrines of this admirable letter apply, of course, not to Maryland alone. They strike just as hard at the suffrage laws of Mississippi and Alabama and Georgia. They make it evident that, in Mr. Taft's endeavors to win over the South, he is not going to forget the elementary principle of political justice.

Sober-minded people will be glad that Judge Wright has passed exemplary sentence upon the labor leaders, but will also be glad that the decision is to be reviewed by a higher court, and that the men are meanwhile out on bail. This gives time for passion to subside, and furnishes an opportunity for the officials of the Federation of Labor to purge themselves of contempt. Indeed, it is now reported that Mr. Gompers will discontinue in his organ, the *American Federationist*, the "We Don't Patronize" list by means of which he has carried on his boycotting, and that he will obey the law hereafter, until it is changed. If he and Messrs. Mitchell and Morrison duly submit to the legal authorities, the gravamen of the complaint against them will be removed. For their attitude has been exactly that of John Y. McKane, once boss of Coney Island, with his defiant: "Injunctions don't go here!" In the face of such a claim to be above the law and beyond reach of judicial process, the courts were bound to vindicate their dignity and assert their power. In vindicating the courts, no one wishes to see anything like vindictiveness. It is the principle which is at stake, not the exact form or severity of punishment. The somewhat turbid rhetoric and occasional excess of heat and of epithet in Judge Wright's opinion cannot blind Mr. Gompers or his counsel to the fact that it lays down what are now settled principles. Since the decision of the Supreme Court in the case of the Danbury hatters, boycotting is illegal. Labor leaders combining or conspiring to impair the property rights of any man or company are just as clearly criminal as heads of corporations or speculators would be in doing the same thing.

What is more, the protests of innocence which Mr. Gompers makes are hollow. Consider his repeated efforts in Congress and elsewhere to have the law amended. He knew that, as it stands, it is against his practices. He knew to what penalties he was exposing himself and his fellows. He gloried in the fact that he might have to go to jail. To show the real issues involved, we have only to imagine the reception of the news that the heavy hand of the law had so been laid upon Rockefeller or Harriman. There would have been an uproar of delight. It would have been said that no man had been found powerful enough to defy with impunity the law of the land. But that is precisely what Gompers set out to do. Boasting himself the head of 2,000,000 laborers, he dared the courts to touch him. No capitalistic magnate ever assumed a more insolent port, and none ever more richly deserved punishment. We may add, however, that we have no wish to see him imprisoned, provided the ends of justice can be compassed, and the needed salutary lessons brought home, in other ways. No one desires to make a martyr of Mr. Gompers, or to give him the slightest chance to complain that capitalistic violators of the Sherman law are not punished by being sent to jail for contempt. We should all much prefer to see him become a law-abiding citizen. It is idle for him to talk about the right of free speech being impaired. He is not sentenced for criticising the court, but for disobeying its order. He may rail at the law as much as he pleases, but he must not violate it. The thing to be aimed at is, not the punishment of Mr. Gompers, but the ending of the tyranny and illegal oppression of boycotting, of which he stands as head and front.

The chance that Ohio may be represented in the United States Senate by a man like Congressman Burton must make honest Pennsylvanians look at that State with envious eyes. For to Pennsylvania's shame, it seems certain that Boies Penrose will be reëlected. A less useful member is not to be found in the Senate; in his personal characteristics and in his policies, political and commercial, he belongs to a bygone age—the days of Quay and Hanna. He is a reactionary of reactionaries, a man of good family and traditions who has deliberately turned his back upon training and antecedents to descend to the lowest plane of Pennsylvania ring politics. He is himself unfit to hold any office; so far as his influence goes, it is a trifle better than Platt's and a little below Depew's, to whom he is politically a full brother. Senator Penrose is the head of the corrupt and infamous old Quay machine, which is in politics solely for money-making and office-brokerage.

The expected election of Secretary Root to the Senate is already said to have disturbed that body, because it seems to necessitate a change from the rule of rating a man according to age, to rating him according to ability. By the inexorable custom of the Senate,

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Mr. Root would have no better chance than the rawest man from Nevada; he would have to go to the foot of unimportant committees, and wait for time and death to promote him. But in the case of a man like Mr. Root the system seems too absurd. The advantage of having him on the Foreign Affairs Committee is obvious; yet that position is usually one of the prizes of long service. Similarly, Mr. Root's fruitful labors in the War Department would seem fairly to dictate his assignment to a place on the Military Committee; but here again the same difficulty arises. The discussion of the matter only shows what a good thing it is to have a system, but how bad a thing it is to let a system strangle you. No doubt, the law of seniority is, on the whole, useful. But there are at least two occasions when it should be set aside: one is when, in Lord Rosebery's phrase, seniority spells senility; and the other is when a junior in point of service has had so much experience elsewhere in the kind of work to be done, and has shown such talent in it, that not to utilize him would be a thing not only ridiculous in itself, but an outrage upon the public.

Nearly sixty counties of Ohio have voted out the saloons, by an average majority of close to one thousand. Nine counties have voted "wet," mostly by very small majorities. The campaign has demonstrated that the opponents of prohibition have no class of voters, outside those directly concerned in the traffic, upon which they can absolutely depend. The mining districts in counties like Perry, Hocking, and Athens were regarded doubtful, but the miners themselves furnished a heavy "dry" vote, as did also the laborers in many of the smaller manufacturing centres. It was supposed that the farmers could be much influenced by the fear of increased taxes if the $1,000 saloon license should be given up, but the farmer vote invariably goes heavily against the saloon. The rapid spread of the trolley has made the farmer's boy more than ever a frequenter of the town, while the increased tax has driven the saloon in the smaller places to a more vigorous quest than ever for profitable trade. The connection of the saloon with gambling and with immoral women as profitable adjuncts, has made the danger to the unwary boy from the farm much greater than was encountered in the average drink-shop of a generation ago. The large German element in the rural population of certain counties was expected to oppose prohibition, but only in a few localities has the expectation been fulfilled. Nor has the temperance wave been broken in those sections which habitually give Democratic majorities. The "dry" list now contains something like half the counties which returned majorities for Judge Harmon a few weeks ago, including Monroe, which has never gone Republican in its history and which yet went "dry" by nearly 1,200. In the Seventeenth Congressional district, with a Democratic majority of over 7,000, every county but one has voted "dry" by a good majority, and that one is almost wholly "dry" already under the former township option law. The river towns were to be adverse, but twelve of the fourteen counties touching the Ohio have declared themselves "dry." It is now freely predicted that the next Legislature will submit a State-wide prohibition measure to popular vote.

The result of the November examination for consular positions indicates the need of making a complete break between politics and the diplomatic service. The examiners complain about the "discouraging lack of suitable material for appointment to the student interpreter corps and, in a less degree, the lack of good candidates for the consular assistant corps." Last July only nineteen out of seventy-one candidates endured the test; in November twenty-three out of fifty-eight. Such a poor showing, doubtless, reflects to some extent upon the intellectual equipment of young Americans. Too much familiarity with foreign languages and international law must not be expected from college boys. But the chief difficulty is touched in the examiners' remark:

> It seems impossible to obtain the men absolutely required without drawing upon States already over-represented in the service.

So long as consuls are picked according to geography, good material will be scarce. Wyoming will always have proportionately fewer young men with the training and inclination for the foreign service than New York.

The Hon. Timothy L. Woodruff, clearing-house for places of honor and profit under all State officers except Gov. Hughes, will find his duties slightly contracted as a result of the latest civil-service revision. Ten places within the gift of Mr. Woodruff's clients have been removed from the exempt to the competitive class. He may find consolation, however, in the fact that most of the 299 other positions placed within the competitive class have hitherto been in the hands of the Governor. Consolation, but also astonishment and contempt. For a man who would just throw away the disposal of three hundred offices must always remain a puzzle to the mind which figured out that the renomination of Hughes would spell defeat for the Republican ticket. With President Roosevelt taking the postmasters out of their reach and the Governor hacking away at their State patronage, the politicians confront an increasingly bleak prospect, while all good citizens rejoice.

Only a few days ago Austria was reported as well on the way towards a reconciliation with Turkey. There was to be an indemnity for the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina—the sum of $20,000,000 was mentioned—Turkey was to discontinue the boycott against Austrian importations. But, according to the latest dispatches, Austria has changed her mind. There is to be no indemnity. In Bosnia the Austrian army of occupation enters on another of those phases of "alarming activity" which it has been assuming so frequently of late, and Europe is presumably approaching another deadlock. Nevertheless, it is difficult to discern any very heavy war clouds. In undiplomatic terms, Austria's latest move may be described as largely a bluff. That game would be quite a safe one to play at the coming of winter, even if any of the Powers most closely concerned were anxious to fight; but Turkey, Russia, Italy, and France all wish to avoid war. The chances are that, ultimately, Austria will pay an indemnity. It is inconceivable that a European conference shall meet without allowing Turkey compensation for her lost provinces. The Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs has hinted that the conference might concern itself with the kind of government Austria shall erect in the annexed provinces; but Austria, once having made Bosnia-Herze-

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govina her own, would naturally refuse to allow any interference with what would become an internal affair of the Empire. The Balkan States may be placated with this or that bit of territory. But so far as Turkey is concerned, she can be granted no other than a pecuniary satisfaction. Upon that she may reasonably insist.

But if for the moment Austrian diplomacy may play fast and loose with Turkey without seriously affecting conditions in the Balkans, the effect is quite different on general European politics, and specifically on the future of the Triple Alliance. Here the attitude of Italy is of primary importance. Italy's feeling has changed materially in the course of the last ten years. She joined the Triple Alliance out of fear of French aggression. She now has a good understanding with France. Conversely, her sentiment for Austria-Hungary, which has never been anything but dislike, has been growing more bitter. Italian ambitions concerning Trieste and the Adriatic coastland have been one cause of irritation. Recurrent conflicts between Italians and Germans in the Tyrol and other Austrian crownlands have been another. At the conference of Algeciras in 1906, Italy ranged herself on the side of France and against her allies, Germany and Austria-Hungary. In a conference about Bosnia-Herzegovina she is sure to play a rôle even more distasteful to Austria. Only a few weeks ago, a former Italian prime minister declared, in the course of debate, that Italy must henceforth arm, not against France, but against Austria. The Parliament cheered him, ministers embraced him, and Premier Giolitti shook hands with him in congratulation. True, the Chamber approved the foreign minister's formal declaration that Italy continued her adherence to the Triple Alliance; but the real spirit of the nation had been sufficiently shown by the preceding demonstration. In the strain it puts on the Triple Alliance, rests one of the dangers of Austrian policy in the Balkans. Dissolution of the Triple Alliance is, of course, not imminent. Germany would not allow such a thing to come to pass; and even Italy will perceive that, hate Austria as she does, it is better, for the time, to have her as an ally than as an avowed enemy. But the strands that bind the Triple Alliance are being cut one by one. Italy is not only on friendly terms with France, but she is on the point of concluding an arrangement with Russia. Within Austria, the danger is recognized, and there are protests against Baron von Aehrenthal's policy of needless irritations.

The world hears but little nowadays of Russia and her domestic troubles. Apparently, the revolutionary movement has come to a standstill, and the reactionaries are once more securely in control. But that is a wrong idea. On December 9, the St. Petersburg morning newspapers recorded seventeen executions and thirty-seven death sentences as the harvest of the day before. That may be called making a wilderness and calling it peace; but Russia cannot be spoken of as pacified. With thirty-seven death sentences recorded on a single day, it is evident that revolutionary forces are still active. Could the official statistics of the incessant blood-letting be compiled, the world would be aghast, particularly as there have been so many "executions" of which the official world has wisely taken no cognizance. Sooner or later, it would seem as if there must be a more violent explosion than heretofore; human nature cannot endure violent repression and injustice of the kind that is now the lot of the Russian people.

That the Russian Jews are still being persecuted appears from the news that the anti-Jewish agitation in Finland is becoming more and more serious. For some days past dispatches have reported that the Russian authorities in Finland are driving Jews from their homes into the fields to starve and freeze, and that the Finnish Legislature has promulgated an edict prohibiting the slaughter of meats in accordance with the Jewish ritual. If not all the blame must be awarded to the Russians it is, of course, plain that the Russian authorities, who have subjugated Finland with such an iron hand, will not object to anti-Jewish brutalities on the part of the Finns themselves. They are willing to aid in the persecution by forcing young Jews into the army, and, after the expiration of their term of service, preventing them from returning to their homes. The American-Jewish Committee again expresses the hope that American financiers will refuse to make loans to Russia and thus help to bring outside pressure to bear upon the Russian Government. We heartily wish it were practicable to focus an outraged world's opinion upon the Czar and his autocracy, for we are convinced that such an action would be in the interest of Russia herself.

REFORMS FOR INDIA.

The dispatches from Madras this week report the deep satisfaction of the Indian National Congress with the plans of the British Cabinet for reforming the system of governing India. This news will be very gratifying to the Viceroy, Lord Minto, and to Lord Morley, Secretary of State for India. In the face of unrest and sedition and spreading assassination, they have persisted in their determination to give to India a larger measure of self-rule. They have done this, too, despite something like a panic dread of a new Mutiny, despite protests against a policy of conciliation, and a powerful demand that a sufficient number of Hindu Nationalists be blown from the guns to teach the others submission. Hence it must give both pleasure and hope to those responsible for order in India, to learn that the National Congress, representing educated aspiration, receives their proffers with enthusiasm.

The speech in which Lord Morley laid his project before the House of Lords on December 17 was at once weighty and eloquent. The biographer of Burke dealt with his vast problem in something of Burke's largeness of spirit. It was a statesmanlike thing to announce liberal plans of reform and concession, at the very moment when bomb and dagger were making the faces of Englishmen in India blanch. Lord Morley's speech, with his outline of proposed legislation, was intended primarily for India to hear. To get his needed authority, he must wait till the next session of Parliament; but he would not wait to let his policy be known. He would yield to no administrator in the rigor with which he would put down mobs and anarchy; but he said he was "sick of all the retrograde commonplaces about the weakness of concession to violence, and so on." The government was simply persisting undismayed in reforms to which it had publicly set its hand. To keep on in your chosen course, undeterred by an occasional explosion of

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picric acid, is "simply standing to your guns."

The phrase is happily borrowed, when a Liberal statesman takes it from the mouth of repression to use it in defence of conciliation and enlargement. There is such a thing as great firmness in placatory measures, and iron constancy in the pursuit of healing legislation. The government of India, under the direction of two such men as Minto and Morley, is to-day giving a lesson to all the world—to Russia and Turkey, yes, and to the United States—in the wisdom of joining indomitable courage with unconquerable leniency. On the one hand, it deals out speedy justice to the native murderer; on the other, it opens the door of self-rule to native leaders. Lord Morley spoke as a man having no illusions on the subject of severe punishment of political crime, by magistrates armed with extraordinary powers. It was a procedure hateful yet necessary. "There are situations in which a responsible government is compelled to run these risks." And the Secretary for India declared that the list of crimes, showing an anarchic conspiracy in India, justified the resort to a Summary Jurisdiction Bill, though it might be made an instrument of despotism. "I deplore this necessity," said Lord Morley, "but we are bound to face the facts." But he was just as positive in asserting the need of at once taking steps to meet the natural and legitimate desires of the people of India. In a fine passage, which we would commend to those who believe in doing brutal things in order to "impress the Oriental imagination," Lord Morley said:

> A number of gentlemen of whom I wish to speak with all respect addressed a very courteous letter to me the other day that appeared in the papers, exhorting me to remember that Oriental countries inevitably and invariably interpret kindness as fear. I do not believe it. The founder of Christianity arose in an Oriental country, and when I am told that Orientals do not appreciate kindness and are only influenced by fear, I will say that I do not believe that any more than I believe the stranger saying of Carlyle that, after all, the ultimate question between any two human beings is, Can I kill thee or canst thou kill me? I do not agree that any organized society has ever subsisted upon either of those principles or that brutality is always present in the relations between human beings.

We can but mention the chief heads of the reform proposed for India. The entire plan will be under debate in Parliament next spring. There is to be, first of all, an increase in the number of Legislative Councils. In these local bodies, there is to be "due representation of the different classes of the community." These Legislative Councils are to be empowered, besides dealing with local affairs, "to discuss matters of public and general importance, and to pass resolutions." There are also to be Councils for the Lieutenant-Governors, as well as the Viceroy; and the right to discuss and vote upon financial projects is to be given to both. The representation of natives is everywhere to be enlarged. The details are yet to be worked out, but the whole plan, as unfolded by Lord Morley, is far-reaching and prescient. It clearly looks forward to the day when education and a free press in India shall have done their work, and brought the people from the fifth century into the twentieth. Then it will be no more surprising to read of an Indian Parliament than it is to-day to read of the Russian Duma or the Parliament in Constantinople.

THE PHILIPPINE REPORT.

It is, perhaps, not to be expected that the report of the brigadier-general in charge of the Bureau of Insular Affairs (dated October 31, 1908, but just published) should be as interesting as reports which issue direct from the Philippine Commissioners. Yet so scanty is the news, official or unofficial, which comes from the islands that the words of Gen. Edwards deserve careful consideration for the light they throw on our progress in civilizing the Filipinos.

Primarily, Gen. Edwards is interested in the material development of the islands. There are the railways, for instance, upon which the government has guaranteed 4 per cent. to the investors. For them, Gen. Edwards is convinced that the future is very bright. In the Orient, he says, two-thirds of the income from railways is usually from passenger traffic; and since he is able to prove that the density of population in Cebu is 336 per square mile, as opposed to 152.6 in New York, and since the figures in Panay and Negros are also very favorable, "no reason appears why these three Viscayan lines should not pay a fair interest on the investment above the 4 per cent. guaranteed." This is delightful official optimism, since it brushes aside with a stroke of the pen all such things as the habits, customs, likes and dislikes of the populace, and the question of rates. It is gratifying to know, however, that the work of construction goes steadily on. More than 210 miles of new road have already been built in Luzon; in Panay forty miles from Iloilo north are open for construction operation, and nearly sixty miles are finished in Cebu. Authority has been given to extend the railway to Bagnio, in Benguet, the "summer capital" of the Philippine government, but despite the offer of the costly highway to Benguet as the roadbed, no one has yet been found ready to bid.

Another undertaking which has been put through by government credit is the Agricultural Bank. Private capital "hesitated to enter"; but, with the consent of the Attorney-General of the United States, the Philippine Commission appropriated one million pesos from the general funds as the capital of the new institution, and embarked in the banking business. On October 9 the first loan was made—to an American farmer of Tarlac province. Gen. Edwards thinks it "beyond question" that this bank will do much to restore and promote agriculture in the islands. Another government institution, the postal savings bank, has been in operation since October, 1906, with 245 branch offices and deposits of 1,031,994 pesos. Of the 7,346 persons who have made deposits since the beginning of the bank, 44.84 per cent. are Filipinos; and since the Filipino depositors, for whom the banks were primarily established, increased 10 per cent. in the second year, Gen. Edwards regards the outlook as "encouraging."

So far as trade statistics are concerned, Gen. Edwards cannot make out any great advance in prosperity for the islands, or show that the United States is making much money out of them. The exports of the islands fell short by $896,790 of their value in 1907, because of the decline in the price of hemp. Of the total exports, valued at $32,816,567, $10,323,233 went to the United States—a smaller figure than for any year since 1902. The imports were estimated at $30,918,357, of which only $5,079,487 came from the United States. It is not surprising, therefore, that Gen. Edwards earnestly urges the passage of the bill now before Congress to put on the Philippine free list agricultural machinery and implements, and to reduce

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the rate on mining machinery, now 10 to 20 per cent., to a flat rate of 5. Naturally, Gen. Edwards favors also the reduction of duties on Philippine exports to this country, urged on Congress by Mr. Taft and President Roosevelt, for upon these exports the real prosperity of the Filipinos now depends. Finally, he shows that the expenditures of the Philippine government were $36,500 greater than the revenue.

Beyond this, he has practically nothing to report. To his superiors Gen. Edwards left all discussion of the general welfare and progress of the natives. But even in the President's message, the place assigned to the Philippines was after the Census, the Soldiers' Homes, and the Government Printing Office, and the space allotted to it shrank to insignificant proportions. There was praise for the official work done in the Islands, and for the admirable bearing and record of the native Philippine Assembly. The Secretary of War, however, fails to mention the Philippines; they have passed wholly beyond his ken, although the Bureau of Insular Affairs is under his direction. In short, in official eyes, the Filipinos now appear to rank in interest with Highways in Alaska, National Cemeteries, and the Boundary between Mexico and the United States, and stand far below the arming of the militia and the building of new battleships. Yet it was these same Filipinos who were to quicken and reform our entire political life, to purify our public service, and relieve us from too close observation of such purely parochial questions as Trusts, corporation control, and railway rates. But if we may believe unofficial reports, the Filipinos hate us worse than ever; they would rather be uncivilized than uplifted by the Americans; and their hopes, aims, and ideals all have to do with cutting loose from the United States.

A NICELY-TIMED REVOLUTION.

A woman with a "great peard" could have seemed no more suspicious to Sir Hugh Evans than will the Venezuelan revolution to a skeptical world. The *émeute* has so often been turned into a revolution in Carácas, that the steps in the process are now well recognized. One of the first of them is the destruction of the statues, or busts, of the President. Erected to himself by himself as the well-deserving saviour of his country, they are torn down as the effigies of a hated tyrant and traitor. This was done in the case of the famous Venezuelan Dictator-President, Guzman Blanco. And shortly after Castro sailed for Europe on November 24, his bust in the Concordia Club was pulled down and smashed to pieces. This was a sure sign of what was to come.

It would appear that President Castro has studied the career of his notorious predecessor, Blanco, to good advantage. That other dictator fled to Paris only after a revolution; Castro, being like the colonel in the story "a little lame," started early and got away before the revolution broke. Whatever else may be said of him, it cannot be charged that he is lacking in astuteness or in knowledge of his own people. It must have been the case, therefore, that when he abandoned Venezuela for Europe, he knew that he might never return—except, possibly, after a counter-revolution, some years hence. It must have become clear to him that his course as the unspanked boy of international relations was about run. Having insulted every nation with which Venezuela had anything to do, he thought it time to go. There can be no doubt that he had been prudently laying up treasure for himself in the European heaven, and where his treasure was, there was his heart also. He has almost certainly gone in imitation of Guzman Blanco, to be one of the South American "rois en exil" in Paris. At all events, we may be sure that the revolution in Carácas was no surprise to him.

Neither was it apparently, to the diplomatic world. The promptness with which the foreign representatives in Venezuela have begun to do business with the new government, shows that they were not exactly stunned by the suddenness of the upset. They acted, rather, like men who had their instructions in their pocket, written in sure anticipation of the event. It was no secret at Washington, last spring, after our diplomatic deadlock with Venezuela had become complete and Congress had washed its hands of the affair, that the State Department was approached to discover whether its attitude towards a Venezuelan revolution would be "benevolent." Of course, Secretary Root let it be known that this government could countenance no movement of that kind. Still, it somehow got about that we at least would not interfere to prevent such a nicely timed uprising. So little by little the stage was prepared for the comedy. As Castro left the scene, exiled generals began to return, and asphalt *concessionnaires* hovered in the wings. The battleship Maine, followed by the cruisers, sailed from our shores almost before the curtain went up in Carácas. There was, to be sure, no such stage mismanagement as occurred during the famous Panama revolution, when the ships got off before any news came, and a nervous Acting-Secretary cabled to Panama to ask if any hitch had occurred in the uprising. In Venezuela, however, the time had come for a revolution. If one did not exist, it would have to be invented. And the inventors appear to have been thoroughly convinced that they would not lack the approval of foreign nations.

In all seriousness, the advent of a new régime in Venezuela cannot fail, for a time at least, to make for the peace and comfort of the world. The series of affronts to other countries, of which Castro had been guilty, and the absolute impossibility of getting him to accede to the ordinary and peaceful methods of diplomatic adjustment of controversies between nations, had resulted in an intolerable situation. It had to be dealt with by force, somehow, and it is much better that the force should have been applied from within than without. Already the revolutionary government is coming to terms with Holland, having rescinded the order forbidding the trans-shipment at Willemstad of goods destined for Venezuela, and the Dutch warships are to be withdrawn from the coast. Other outstanding difficulties will probably be settled before long. It is to be hoped that our State Department will not take advantage of the somewhat precarious position of the new President to press him beyond reason in the asphalt matter; but that a settlement of long-standing disputes may be reached, satisfactorily and honorably to all concerned, now seems much more likely than it did a month ago.

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THE GROWTH AND ISOLATION OF GERMANY.

The German Empire, within an area not so large as Texas, contains 63,000,000 people. At the present rate of increase, in forty years the population will amount to 100,000,000. The Germans have almost ceased to emigrate: for a number of years past the country has had more immigrants than emigrants. In this state of things, the public men of Germany cannot help looking ahead to the time, and that perhaps not remote, when the German people will feel a compelling need to overflow somewhere.

One naturally shrinks from contemplating the possibility of an armed movement eastward, the only direction in which the Germans can hope to expand in Europe. That would be a revival in the twentieth century of the *Drang nach Osten* which, in the tenth century, impelled King Henry the Fowler, at the head of the Saxons, Franks, and other German tribes, to undertake to push back the tide of Slavdom which in the great migration of nations had rolled westward as far as the Elbe and the Thuringian Forest. To the east, the Germans have not been able altogether to hold the ground that they have won. Time was when Russia was ready to take as many Germans as were willing to come, and there are not far from two millions in the various parts of the Czar's dominions. But the German no longer finds Russia to his liking; neither does Russia want him. The rôle of the Teuton as civilizer of the Muscovite is ended. Russian industry, mining, and agriculture, together with the Russian universities, have learned to do without him. No Peter or Catharine invites him to take up his abode in the realm. The Baltic Provinces of Russia, where the Teutonic Knights and the Knights Swordbearers spread Christianity and *Deutschtum* with fire and sword in the thirteenth century, are steadily losing their importance as northern outposts of German power. The Lett has dared to assert his nationality against the land-owning Teuton.

In the struggle for supremacy between Slav and German in Bohemia, the country which witnessed the foundation of the first German university in 1348, the balance is shifting in favor of the sturdy and versatile peasantfolk of the Czechs, who are increasing in numbers faster than their more civilized neighbors. In Carinthia and Carniola the Slovenes are vigorously holding their own, and in Galicia it is the Jew, and not the German, who to some extent disputes the ground with the Slav. The lands of the Hungarian crown contain two million Germans, but in spite of the ties that bind this kingdom to Austria, the percentage of German-speaking inhabitants is steadily diminishing.

It is not a cheering spectacle for the German patriot as he views, in the face of the waxing population, power, and splendor of the Hohenzollern realm, the waning of the German influence beyond the borders of the Empire. Still more is he depressed when he turns his gaze from Europe to other continents. He cannot help realizing that his long-cherished dream of a world-pervading *Deutschtum* is dissolving into an empty vision. As he surveys the map of the globe, instead of an advance he sees a positive retrogression. Less than a generation ago he beheld millions of Germans settling in the United States, which they were helping mightily to build up, cherishing their mother tongue, and not altogether unwilling, as he imagined, to remain linked by filial bonds to the fatherland. Others were making their way to the fertile plains of Canada. The map of southern Brazil was thickly sprinkled with German names. As for the Germany of the West, which was springing up on the soil of the American Union, it will ere long be nothing more than a reminiscence. The German colonies, which have blossomed within the last eighty years in the Brazilian States of Rio Grande do Sul, Santa Catharina, and Paraná, have likewise been sent adrift into the world by the almost complete stoppage of immigration; and, although the Teuton will not readily fuse with the Latin, the dream of a Little Germany beyond the equator will have come to nought.

Moreover, the stream of emigrants from Germany to Australia, which at no time reached large dimensions, has, in the last few years almost completely dried up, and practically no beginning has been made of German colonization in the Australasian and Polynesian islands. While the Germans have played such an extraordinary rôle in the exploration of Asia and Africa, there is hardly a German-speaking child to be found throughout nearly the entire expanse of those two continents. The author of the article "Deutsches Volk," in Meyer's "Konversations-Lexikon," has to admit that outside of Transcaucasia and Palestine there is but one German settlement in the whole of Asia, that at Tsing-tow. He complains that even the building of railways by German companies in Asiatic Turkey brings no German colonists in its wake. No kind of pioneer life seems any longer to have any attraction for the dweller between the Rhine and Memel. The "Statesman's Year-Book" for 1908 says that on an average just one person a year migrates from Germany to Asia. The writer in Meyer claims but 4,000 German-speaking inhabitants for the whole of the German colonies in Africa. The German absolutely refuses to go to Africa, and there is therefore no prospect of colonial development for Germany in that quarter of the globe. The rest of the world is preëmpted.

The German Empire is naturally restless under its political isolation. The Anglo-Saxon is controlling the destinies of a large part of the globe; the Latin of a not much smaller portion; the Slav has appropriated one-third of the largest continent. The German holds sway merely within a territory but little larger than the land of his ancestors nearly a thousand years ago. This condition of affairs is due in part to the fact that Germany is paying now the penalty for the state of things under that strange political fabric known as the Holy Roman Empire. Then the maritime power of the nation was parcelled out among a group of city republics, united in the Hanseatic League, but incompetent to engage in any national enterprise, while Spaniard, Portuguese, Hollander, Frenchman, and Briton, had both the energy and the facilities for taking possession of distant continents and islands.

THE OLD PROFESSOR.

The old professor is going; if he will not go, he is being sent. A fortnight ago, according to the newspaper dispatches, the regents of the University of Minnesota ordained that all contracts with members of the faculty shall expire when teachers reach their sixty-fifth birthday. Next June, it is said, half-a-dozen old gentlemen will call the

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class roll for the last time, unless they have already followed the example of their president, Dr. Northrop, and sent in their resignations. What Minnesota has done others are doubtless contemplating seriously. The world is for youth, and youth is not for elderly scholars who can no longer appreciate the humor of throwing chalk across the lecture-room.

But will a fixed age-limit rid the schools of senility? Set sixty-five as the deadline, and the most obnoxious of all old professors will continue to fill chairs; we mean the kind that enters upon its dotage at the age of fifty, the premature fossil whose joy in life is dead, whose sympathy for ambition and ideals has gone cold, or whose mind sluggishly revolves, like an airless satellite, around a single idea. If the age-limit will not surely work, an endurance test might. Make every professor over forty pass an examination in lecturing, and "flunk" the man whose students fall asleep. Lead the faculty on a long jaunt through contemporary affairs, and give a passing mark only to those who are running strong at the finish. So long as one has no prejudices against mere years, this plan might do admirably.

The very week when Minnesota ordered off its sixty-five-year-olds, the distinguished French economist, statistician, and administrator, Prof. Émile Levasseur, was rounding off the fortieth year of his connection with the College of France, his fifty-fifth of teaching, and his eightieth of life. Academic Paris, led by the Minister of Public Instruction, turned out to do him honor; and nobody suggested that M. Levasseur might best show his gratitude for this display of public appreciation by resigning. The French are notoriously parsimonious; they believe in getting all the profit they can out of an investment, be it a cabbage-patch or a professor. They take especial pride in the venerable *administrateur* of the College of France, therefore; he is, as the *Temps* says, the greenest, liveliest, busiest old man ever seen, always ready to go to distant congresses and never overcome by the longest debates, the richest banquets, or the dullest addresses. So long as he can hold the pace, nobody is going to stop him. Two days before his anniversary, a correspondent found him in bed dictating letters and articles to a secretary. He was not ill; oh, no! He never felt better in his life. But there were some extra lectures to be prepared for the following week, and he wished to be fresh for the *petite fête* on Sunday.

Age, after all, is a relative disability. A more troublesome question is the retirement of teachers who can no longer teach. Too little thought has been brought to bear on the existence of four distinct species of old men and the four distinct problems they present. There is the old man with failing body and failing mind; we need not tarry long over him, for he usually retires without pressure. Then there is the old man with strong body and weakening mind; the old man with frail body and sturdy mind; and the rare old man of M. Levasseur's stamp, whose mind and body are both young. How shall we deal with these three? It is not enough to get rid of the first, even at the price of losing the other two. The ripe old teacher is a college's most valuable asset. He keeps alive respect on the part of young men, and also the finest traditions. Sometimes his own traditions are turned against him; a college in the front rank of progress, it is said, cannot tolerate exploded ideas. But an alert mind which can defend even antiquated thoughts vigorously will keep students in the attitude of inquiry and restrain a few from rushing after hot-waffle theories that are served on every corner at a penny a-piece—and well-sugared. And when these antiquated notions happen to be unfashionable truths, he who does battle for them is the happiest of our warriors. He should not be forced to lay down his arms while his strength lasts.

If he is a Levasseur, the retiring board should find him no problem at all. But the normal type is the professor whose physical frame cries for rest long before his mind. It is cruel to keep him at the mill of daily lectures; it is both cruel and wasteful to cut him off from work he loves. Some intermediate status between *ordinarius* and *emeritus* seems called for. In Europe and our own most richly endowed universities it has been partly realized; the old professor with many assistants can reduce his class work to a minimum. But even that may prove too much. Could he not be made a kind of consulting professor? Let him be to the college what the consulting engineer, the consulting surgeon, and the consulting attorney are to their professions. Send students, and also professors, to him for advice. That would give the old professor an abiding interest in life. Isn't he entitled to it?

"ROBINSON CRUSOE" FOR GROWN-UPS.

"Robinson Crusoe," in two handsomely printed volumes, with reproductions of the popular Stothard plates, has just been issued by the Houghton Mifflin Co. The publishers explain that, although the work "has never failed to make a powerful appeal even to the most sophisticated readers," it is "not at present readily obtainable in fine, adequate literary form"—that is, apart from sets of Defoe's works. The venture will, we hope, prove successful; for it is true that "Robinson Crusoe" is generally printed in a cheap style with coarse illustrations for children; and that most adults, having read and reread the story in youth, seldom return to it. If this edition finds for it new friends and tempts the oldsters to renew their acquaintance with it, the publishers will have deserved well of the republic of letters. For we are confident that any man who has not touched "Robinson Crusoe" since he was fifteen, will, on taking it up again, be surprised and delighted to discover the range and the interest of that wonderful tale. True, it lacks the love-making which, modern critics assure us, is of the essence of good fiction, at least in the opinion of women; but surely that defect may be forgiven, as we forgive it in Stevenson's "Treasure Island," and "Kidnapped." We grant also that there are *longueurs* in the action, passages of rather tedious dialogue and moralizing. Through these a boy blithely ploughs, usually without either edification or distress; but any adult who has mastered the art of reading (which, rightly viewed, is the art of skipping) may pass them at a jump. Moreover, the "Further Adventures," like most sequels, is a falling off. With these provisos, we assert that the life of Crusoe on his island is good enough entertainment for anybody; in its class it is supreme.

Frederic Harrison's praise of it (in "The Choice of Books") is sufficiently enthusiastic, but in our view rather misses the main point:

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"Robinson Crusoe," which is a fairy tale to the child, a book of adventure to the young, is a work on social philosophy to the mature. It is a picture of civilization. The essential moral attributes of man, his innate impulses as a social being, his absolute dependence on society, even as a solitary individual, his subjection to the physical world, and his alliance with the animal world, the statical elements of social philosophy, and the germs of man's historical evolution have never been touched with more sagacity, and, assuredly, have never been idealized with such magical simplicity and truth. It remains, with "Don Quixote," the only prose work of the fancy which has equal charms for every age of life, and which has inexhaustible teaching for the student of man and of society.

Our quarrel with Mr. Harrison relates not so much to what he says, as to his emphasis. For a man of philosophic temper "Robinson Crusoe" may be all that he says it is—a work on social philosophy and a picture of civilization. He who can read in the apparently casual act and trifling incident the wide-sweeping laws of human action and the organization of society, will find abundant food for reflection in Crusoe's entire helplessness without the product of the labor of others—the guns, saws, clothing, and food which he brought ashore from the wreck; and, in the final building up of a busy little community with the aid of Friday and the castaways. But it is not to be supposed that Defoe was moved by any desire to expound what we now call theories of sociology: his aim was to tell a good story; and, because he made it so true to life, we can discern in it all sorts of profoundities which we dignify by such terms as historical evolution.

The idea which we urge is that "Robinson Crusoe," though it may be a work on historical evolution and social philosophy, is much more than that. Social philosophy, for those who want it, may be had from many sources every day in the week. Mr. Harrison, himself, has offered us a good deal of it; and in this country Professor Giddings is an unfailing spring of it. But neither of them could write "Robinson Crusoe." We hold, rather, with Charles Lamb that "all ages and descriptions of people" may "hang delighted" over the adventures of this sea-rover and practical man of affairs. As a piece of characterization, he is fascinating—to men, but not, we regret to say, to the ladies. He is no figure of romance, like Launcelot; he could never play the languishing lover; he lacks the attractions of a Don Juan. But, though he could not pose as any of these accomplished wooers whom women think so delectable, he would be an admirable husband. Without a trace of the subtlety or exacting taste of Henry James's creations—hard men to live with—without that instability which we politely call temperament, he is the model of a solid, steady man. He would do his best for the wife of his choice; he would never be ruffled by her shifting moods; and as a "good provider," in the old New England phrase, he would be incomparable. On that slender ground we may commend him to the suffrages of those for whom novels are chiefly written. But what we like most about Crusoe is the fine stoicism with which he inflexibly faces the world as it is. Heat and cold, hardship, sickness, and peril that would shatter the mind and body of ordinary mortals leave him unshaken, unafraid, and ready for the duty that lies next his hand. No character in the range of fiction has a better right to quote those lines by Henley:

> I am the master of my fate;
> I am the captain of my soul.

But aside from the character of the protagonist, the incidents form an absorbing and often thrilling tale. It is nearly two centuries since the book first appeared. There have been innumerable imitations in many languages, but the most accomplished practitioners have failed to reach the level of the great original. We have just been turning the leaves again, to be struck once more by the freshness and vitality of this narrative. Dip into it almost anywhere and you are tempted to read on and on, and renew your vanished youth. There is the escape from the Moor at Sallee and the voyage with Xury, the vivid account of the shipwreck, that wonderful cave with the stockade about it—can the wit of man conceive a more attractive dwelling?—the making of the earthen pots, the building of the big boat, the cruise about the island in the little *periagua*, the discovery of "the print of a man's naked foot on the shore," the fight with the savages and the rescue of Friday—how captivating it all is! Merely to glance at the familiar pages strikes thirty years off the reckoning. The roar of the street traffic dies away in our ears; the stock-tables in the newspapers and the dispatches from Washington are forgotten. This hard practical world is transfigured into a land of romance: with Crusoe and Friday we are creeping through the woods to surprise the cannibals and save their European captive; in breathless suspense we are levelling our muskets, and—by heavens!—the other prisoner is Friday's father!

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Although the fact is not stated in the bibliographies, collectors and dealers are generally aware that the colored plates in "Damascus and Palmyra," by Charles G. Addison, Bentley, 1838, were by Thackeray. It is not so commonly known, however, that, while most copies have ten plates only, some copies have eighteen. The drawing is not like Thackeray's later work, and the proof that he was the artist lies, we believe, solely in the fact that the receipt for payment in his autograph is extant. This document, which was inserted in Augustin Daly's copy of the book, reads as follows:

> Received of C. G. Addison Esq're twenty pounds for illustrations &c to his work on Damascus & Palmyra. W. M. Thackeray
> £20: 00: 0
> London, 22 December 1837

This brief memorandum unfortunately does not give details as to the number of plates. In the hope that some information may be gathered from owners of copies of the book, we give a list of the titles of the eighteen plates as found in two copies examined, with an asterisk prefixed to those which are found in the copies with ten plates only:

> Vol. I—*Dancing Dervish, Greek Peasant, Turkish Recruit, *Arabat or Turkish Ladies Carriage, *Turkish Lady, *Dancer at the Cafés, Musician of the Harem, *Muezzin Calling to Prayers, Turkish Gentleman.
> Vol. II—*Scene in the Bazaar, Egyptian Soldier, Syrian Merchant, *Bon Bon Seller, An Eastern lady Waiting on Her Guests, *Damascene Lady, *Sherbet Seller, The Bedouin Sheikh, *Lady of Damascus.

The entire eighteen are uniform in style of drawing, execution, and lettering. Each has the lithographer's name "Modeley lith. 3 Wellington St. Strand," below the plate, in a curve. It has been suggested that the extra plates might have been inserted from a book published in 1814, "Picturesque Representations of the Dress and Manners of the Turks," but a comparison shows that execution and lettering are different. Thackeray had not visited the East in 1837, and he might have got ideas from this book or other books on Eastern costumes. The private collector who now owns the Daly copy also owns a water color, representing some Oriental officer or notable standing by a chair, signed "W. Thackeray, Dec. 5, 1836." This was submitted to Mrs. Ritchie, Thackeray's daughter, some years ago, and she wrote: "I have little doubt that it is my father's." This drawing is dated a year earlier than his receipt for £20 from Addison, but it seems not improbable that it was made for that work, but for some reason found unsuitable, and so never reproduced.

In Johannes Wegeler's "Die deutsche oberrheinische Type (M44) im 15, und 16. Jahrhundert" we have the first study of a single "Haebler" type in all its variations.

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Not less than 134 varieties of the general type are tabulated, and the variations of each letter are described with great minuteness. Dr. Wegeler's study is a further development of the "natural history" method of typographical investigation, which was first tried by Henry Bradshaw, and which has already resulted in the determination of the origin of many incunabula. The present study will in all probability be followed by others, and if each "Haebler" type be taken up in this way, the time will not be far away when it will be possible to determine the origin and perhaps even the dates of most incunabula with incomplete imprints. The volume is published in Haebler's Sammlung bibliothekswissenschaftlicher Arbeiten (Leipzig: Haupt).

The Milton Exhibition at the Grolier Club will continue until January 9, and should be visited by every one interested in seeing the largest collection of engraved portraits of Milton ever brought together. Three hundred and twenty-eight portraits are shown, 150 more than in the Milton exhibition at Cambridge, England, last summer. These engravings for the most part are derived from a few sources, of which the following are the more important:

The portrait painted by Cornelis Janssens, showing Milton, at the age of ten; first engraved by Cipriani, 1760.

A painting by an unknown artist, formerly in the possession of the Onslow family, and known as the Onslow portrait; engraved by George Vertue, 1731.

The engraving by William Marshall, 1645.

Faithorne's engraving, 1670. This print, the first published as the frontispiece of Milton's "History of Britain," is the best of the old portraits. It was frequently copied and sometimes altered.

Engravings after or influenced by the "Baker drawing," owned at one time by the Tonsons, but now lost.

Engravings after or influenced by the "White drawing," also lost.

Portraits founded upon busts, medallions, seals, etc.

A further class includes portraits from various spurious or doubtful originals. Of these no less than ninety are included.

The exhibition contains first editions of all of Milton's poetical works as well as most of the prose, besides later editions. The original printer's copy of Book i of "Paradise Lost," thirty-three pages small quarto, which belongs to J. P. Morgan, is also shown. Though not in Milton's autograph it is almost certainly the manuscript which was written down by his daughter from his dictation, and is, with the exception of the volume of poems in Milton's autograph, known as his commonplace book, which belongs to Trinity College, Cambridge, the most valuable Milton memorial in existence.

The Grolier Club has just distributed to subscribing members the edition of "The Scarlet Letter" which has been under way for a long time. The book is a large octavo, and one of the most perfect specimens of printing ever done at the DeVinne press. There are thirteen full-page plates from drawings by the late George H. Boughton, almost his last work. These have been printed in colors in Paris by a new process not used before in any book published in this country. Three hundred copies have been made, besides three copies on Japan paper. Of these three, one is reserved for the club library; the other two will be offered to the members at auction at the annual meeting in January.

On January 4 and 5, Stan. V. Henkels of Philadelphia, will sell that portion of Judge James T. Mitchell's library which includes works on engraved portraits, the finest collection, probably, dispersed at auction in this country. This forms the eighth part of Judge Mitchell's print collection.

On January 7 and 8 the Anderson Auction Co. of this city, sells a private library including some important books, among them Smith's "History of Canada" (1815), 2 vols.; Holbrook's "North American Herpetology" (1842), 5 vols.; and an album containing sixty-four drawings by F. O. C. Darley, for the illustration of the works of Cooper and Irving.

From January 18 to 28 Dario G. Rossi of Rome, will sell the library of the late Duc D. Mario Massimo. The collection is chiefly remarkable for the large number of books of predictions or prognostications, more than a hundred titles being catalogued under this heading, thirty-one of them printed before 1500.

Correspondence.

THE ORIGIN OF THE LAND GRANT BILL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There is a growing consciousness on the part of people interested in education that the Morrill land grant act of 1862 will prove to be one of the most important steps ever taken in any country in the direction of public endowment of higher education. With the growing prominence of the institutions which owe their origin to this land grant act, is coming of course an increasing interest in everything relating to the early history of the movement which culminated in this celebrated act of legislation.

I am very desirous of ascertaining the exact facts as to when and by whom the proposition was first made for a Federal grant of land in support of an institution or institutions in each State and Territory in the Union for the development of agriculture and the mechanic arts. The claim has been made at various times that Senator Morrill was the first man to make a proposition of this sort, as he was certainly the man whose active support was of great service in securing the passage of the law with which his name is connected. This claim does not seem, however, to be fully substantiated.

The first proposition which I have been able to find looking toward Federal support for the endowment of colleges for agriculture and the mechanic arts, upon the basis of a land grant made to each State in the Union, was in the form of resolutions adopted at a farmers' convention held at Springfield, Ill., June 8, 1852. In a memorial addressed to the Legislature of Illinois, the desire was expressed for such action on the part of the Legislature of Illinois as would assist in securing "an appropriation of public lands for each State in the Union for the appropriate endowment of universities for the liberal education of the industrial classes in their several pursuits in each State in the Union."

At a similar convention held at Springfield, January 4, 1853, a memorial was adopted addressed to the Senate and House of Representatives of Illinois to the effect that they present a united memorial to the Congress now assembled at Washington "to appropriate to each State in the Union an amount of public lands not less in value than $500,000, for the liberal endowment of a system of industrial universities, one in each State in the Union, to coöperate with each other and with the Smithsonian Institution at Washington for the more liberal practical education of our industrial classes and their teachers in their various pursuits, and developing to the fullest and most perfect extent the resources of our soils, our arts, the virtue and intelligence of our people, and the true glory of our common country." A petition to adopt these resolutions was sent to the Legislature of Illinois, and resolutions to the above effect were adopted by that body February 8, 1853.

That this action attracted general attention throughout the country among the people interested in the development of public education is evidenced by an article in the semi-weekly *Tribune*, New York, March 1, 1853, p. 2, col. 1, in which the resolutions of the Illinois Legislature above referred to are printed in full, with the following comment, possibly by Horace Greeley himself:

Here is the principle contended for by the friends of practical education, abundantly affirmed with a plan for its immediate realization, and it is worthy of note that one of the most extensive of the public land or new States proposes a magnificent donation of public lands to each of the States, old as well as new, in furtherance of this idea. Whether that precise form of aid to the project is most judicious and likely to be effective we will not here consider. Suffice it that the Legislature of Illinois has taken a noble step forward in a most liberal and patriotic spirit, for which its members will be heartily thanked by thousands throughout the Union. We feel that this step has materially hastened the coming of scientific and practical education for all who desire and are willing to work for it. It cannot come too soon.

The Senate Journal of the Thirty-third Congress, first session, p. 269, under date of March 20, 1854, notes that these resolutions above referred to were presented to the Senate in the form of a petition by the Hon. James Shields, Senator from the State of Illinois, and referred to the Committee on Public Lands.

All this would seem to indicate that the credit for the first distinct proposition to develop a series of institutions for the higher liberal and practical education of the people in each State of the Union upon the basis of a Federal land-grant, belongs to the farmers of Illinois. The resolutions were presented to the Farmers' Convention by a committee of which Jonathan B. Turner, once professor in Illinois College at Jacksonville, was chairman.

The first bill incorporating this provision was introduced into Congress, if I am correctly informed, December 14, 1857.

Can any students of our educational history point to any earlier formulation of this proposition? Edmund J. James.

Urbana-Champaign, Ill., December 18.

"MUGWUMPS."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your notice of the last instalment of the "New English Dictionary" (December 17, pp. 601, 602), you cite "Mugwumps"

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as used for "dukes" in Eliot's Indian version of the Bible, 1653. In "A Key into the Language of America," written by Roger Williams while on his journey to England, to procure the first charter for Providence Plantations, and printed in London by Gregory Dexter in 1643, we find

"Keênomp } pâng. Captaines, or Valiant men."
Mâckquomp }

AMASA M. EATON.

Providence, R. I., December 21.

KNOWLEDGE OF MILTON IN EARLY NEW ENGLAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The conclusion reached in my communication printed in the *Nation* of December 24, that the American allusions to Milton there given were belated, turns out to be correct. In his "Pietas in Patriam: The Life of His Excellency Sir William Phips, Knt." (1697), Cotton Mather writes (Section 10, p. 31):

They found, that they were like to make no Weapons reach their Enswamped Adversaries, except Mr. *Milton* could show them how

To have pluckt up Hills with all their Load,
Rocks, Waters, Woods, and by their shaggy tops,
Up-lifting, bore them in their hands, Therewith
The Rebel Host to'v over-whelm'd.

These lines, somewhat altered by Mather, are from "Paradise Lost," vi, 644-647. The "Pietas in Patriam" was included by Mather in his "Magnalia" (1702), where the above passage will be found in Book ii, p. 47. In the same work (Book vii, pp. 44, 50) Mather quotes from "Paradise Lost," vi, 483-490, and vi. 386-392, in one place changing Milton's "Chariot and charioteer" to "Salvage *and* Sagamore." These allusions were pointed out by Mr. C. W. Ernst in the Boston *Evening Transcript* of December 23.

ALBERT MATTHEWS.

Boston, December 26.

ARNOLD AS ANTIDOTE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As an answer to your editorial of December 24, "After the Higher Criticism, What?" pray print Arnold's sonnet, given below. That is the antidote—the consolation. All the underlined words are in italics in my edition—the definitive edition of 1895. S.

New York, December 25.

THE BETTER PART.

Long fed on boundless hopes, O race of man,
How angrily thou spurn'st all simpler fare!
"Christ," some one says, "was human as we are;
No judge eyes us from Heaven, our sin to scan;

"We live no more, when we have done our span."
"Well, then, for Christ," thou answerest, "Who can care?
From sin, which Heaven records not, why forbear?
Live we like brutes our life without a plan!"

So answerest thou; but why not rather say:
"Hath man no second life?—*Pitch this one high!*
Sits there no judge in Heaven, our sin to see?—

More strictly, then, the inward judge obey!
Was Christ a man like us? *Ah, let us try*
If we then, too, can be such men as He!"

[This citation from Arnold admirably illustrates our point that the progress of the Higher Criticism seems to leave only the stoics unscathed. It seems hardly possible, however, that the gospel according to Matthew Arnold can in the minds of the rank and file make any such appeal as the gospel according to Matthew has made through eighteen centuries.—ED. NATION.]

THE BIBLE AS THE WORD OF GOD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your editorial entitled "After the Higher Criticism—What?" (*Nation*, December 24) you appear to assume that the so-called higher critics have robbed the Bible of the divine authority which it was formerly held to have. It appears to me, however, that modern criticism, as Canon Driver (among the foremost of modern critics) affirms, has done nothing to invalidate the Bible as the word of God and the infallible rule of life; and that its divine character, though hidden from the wise and prudent, is manifest to the simple who order their lives by its teaching.

CHARLES H. MOORE.

Cambridge, Mass., December 27.

THE DUTY ON MATERIAL FOR FERTILIZERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just seen your issue of November 19, in which, discussing the hearings before the Ways and Means Committee, you say (p. 477):

George R. Bower of the Henry Bower Chemical Company of Philadelphia likewise confesses that fertilizers are profitably manufactured in this country, and yet he wants more protection in order to get still greater profits.

It is quite evident to me, in reading this, that you draw your conclusions from the garbled newspaper reports of my hearing, which appeared after I made my verbal statements. The fact is that neither I nor my company is interested in fertilizers in any way, and I made no recommendations whatever concerning them. As a matter of fact, the recommendations I have made are, for the most part, merely to the effect that present ad-valorem rates be made specific on the basis of present values.

It is hardly consistent with the standing that you claim for your publication to attempt to hang your "clear-cut political criticisms" on newspaper inaccuracies. The dignity of your journal and a desire to deal justly with the object of your criticism, it appears to me, should call for greater care in your editorial columns. You will recollect that the programme outlined for the Committee on Ways and Means is to revise the tariff from the protectionist's standpoint. If you will take the trouble to read the printed reports of the hearings, which also contain copies of the briefs submitted by the various interests that have been heard, you would find that all recommendations, in the chemical industry, at least, have been of a most moderate character and well supported by facts and logical arguments. I would appeal to you to substitute for the spirit of carping criticism you display, an exhibition of a spirit of fairness that should prevail in all discussions in a publication of the character of the *Nation*.

GEORGE R. BOWER,
President of the Henry Bower Chemical Manufacturing Company.

Philadelphia, December 19.

[We must plead that if we make any comment on current events, we are generally bound to follow the press reports. The printed stenographic reports of these sessions of the Ways and Means Committee did not appear till some days had elapsed. On consulting them, as Mr. Bower suggests, we find (p. 22) that Mr. Bower asked that the present duty be retained on sulphate of ammonia, a material used in the manufacture of fertilizer. We reprint (p. 24) the following stenographic report of the close of Mr. Bower's testimony:

Mr. Bower. We manufacture all of the articles which I have mentioned.
Mr. Underwood. You have been able to manufacture them successfully under the present tariff?
Mr. Bower. Yes, sir.
Mr. Underwood. What reason can you assign why we should increase the tariff?
Mr. Bower. We could make more if we could secure more of the market.
Mr. Underwood. It is not for the protection of your industry that you desire the increase, but it is purely a question of increasing the profits of the manufacturers?
Mr. Bower. Yes, sir; that is what it boils down to.
Mr. Dalzell. You think the duty you suggest would be prohibitive?
Mr. Bower. Yes, practically so.
Mr. Underwood. Where do you expect the government to derive any revenue if you have prohibitive duties?
Mr. Bower. There are a great many articles subject to the tariff that have to be imported. There is no necessity of importing things that we can make here, so far as I can see.—ED. NATION.]

REFLECTIONS ON THE ELECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Would it be amiss before turning back to the daily routine to spend another quarter of an hour in considering somewhat more carefully the significance of what happened at the polls the other day—the causes and the reasons, and the prospects to which we are for the present shut in? Clearly it was an event over which thinking people should not play the blinkard; for some of the questions now for the moment gone out of discussion will return again to plague us, and none of them ought to be thought settled, or, indeed, can be, if not disposed of in accordance with the actualities.

To begin with, as to the broad fact of the overthrow of the Nebraskan, how can it be said with so much assurance, how can it be said at all, that it was due, as many people appear to imagine, altogether or chiefly to a popular conviction of his instability? Whether indeed he is unstable, this is a point upon which I make no argument. I would simply say that it is a point upon which much has been said that is not persuasive. But is it not plain that enormous influences have been at play, some of which, at any rate, have little more than an incidental relation to the character of candidates, good or bad? For one thing, is it not plain beyond cavil that vast numbers of voters, voters who, of whatever age, are not yet grown up, are still in the inflamed stage of Rooseveltism? How else shall we understand the amazing dumbness with which the man in the White House was suffered to dictate the nomination and to use the powers of government openly, boldly, wholesale, to carry nomination into election? Here was an influence powerful enough, perhaps, augmented with the jingo fervors that everywhere go with it, to account for everything that happened.

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But more powerful even than this, more powerful, I believe, than all else, was the influence of money. I do not refer to the campaign fund, although a fund running into the millions seems a strange enough thing in a land where there are people who look about supperless for a bed that cannot be found. If political truth were carried home to some one man somewhere, preferably a tributary farmer in darkest Vermont, the expenditure might not be regretted. But I do not refer to this. I mean the unhappy power over the minds and lives of men generally of the thought of personal monetary gain, or the fear of personal monetary loss.

Let us consider for a moment what has been growing and unfolding before us along with what we fondly call our prosperity these recent years—a society in which the material good is not merely the highest good, but the *All*. Let any one recall for a moment the odds and ends of talk he has been everywhere hearing—on street cars, on railway trains, in the corridors of hotels—floating scraps of the common thoughts of men, thoughts of which the ways of getting and of spending have been the endless theme; consider for a moment the men, all of whose powers one knows to be bent not on noble living, not on life in which the truly good things have the foremost place, but on the amassing of fortunes and luxuriating in them; consider the thousands upon thousands whom these schemers employ and exploit; consider the other thousands who hang upon the fringes of this eager life and subsist as they can! And consider the indisputable revelations of unscrupulous eagerness which have been unrolled before us—of bankers banking with one foot on the threshold of the jail; of men everywhere, thieving legislators, defaulting trustees for widows and orphans running neck and neck from a justice which sometimes pursues, but seldom overtakes! What more natural in a society so prepossessed, so overwhelmed by a desire for the shining metal, whether to hoard or to spend, than that money should be more powerful than all else in determining the votes of men? What more natural than that the election should stand first of all as good evidence, or not evidence, but proof, of what money, wealth, consolidated capital can do for itself when it is owned or controlled by persons who are mainly of one opinion as to where their interests lie, and who work single-mindedly to promote them?

We are so accustomed to the material, the money-material, point of view, that the concentration of attention upon this point has been little noticed, but the conservative press has teemed with arguments having no other bearing, and the platform has resounded with them. Where will you find your profits? Where lie the dollars? Has the voter a good place at a good salary? Then he must vote for the good old Republican régime and prosperity, and so keep it and better it. Is he the father of a family, and possessed of hands only as a means of their support? Then he may vote for Bryan, if he like; but in that case the mill will shut down, or wages will be cut.

What more natural than that the real questions now long before the country should receive no real consideration—that voters should really not ask themselves whether the tariff was an economic folly and a political peril? Nor whether war or the machinery of war is a dispensable evil? Nor whether we stultified ourselves before a cynical world when we set up to govern the Filipinos as a subject people, and ought now to establish them in independence. Nor even what should be done as to the Trusts and other great monopolistic combinations by which a free political life is visibly threatened? The question the voter was induced to put to himself was the unmixed and immediate question of money. A sordid question, sordidly and dishonestly put and sordidly and not very honestly answered. Sordidly and dishonestly, but also ignorantly and mistakenly. The mill would not have been shut down, or, if shut down, it would have been started again on a more equitable footing. If the protected mill owner cannot have a tariff under which he can make a rascally fifty per cent. all for himself, he will still go on and take his ten per cent. and let other people, perhaps his own employees, have the other forty. Wages would not have been cut, or, if they had been cut, the prices of the necessaries of life would have been still more cut.

What more natural, what, indeed, more inevitable, than that years upon years of steady attention to what they call the "main chance" should come to precisely such results? People seem to have no difficulty in perceiving that a man cannot play Shylock all the week, and be heart and soul in the beauty of holiness all Sunday, but they are virtually told that they can spend over and over their three years and eleven months up to their necks in the not over-clean activities of mere money-getting and in the remaining four weeks examine with the prepared mind and deliberately settle great complex questions of mixed political justice and political expediency not only for themselves, but for generations yet to be born.

RACHEL EDGEMORE BURLEIGH.

Madison, Wis., December 15.

Notes.

The index of the *Nation*, July 1 to December 31, will be printed with the issue of January 7.

The publishing department of Paul Elder & Co. will in January return from New York to its home office in San Francisco.

T. Fisher Unwin of London announces for early publication a book on "The Panama Canal and Its Makers," by Dr. Vaughan Cornish. The engineering problems of the work are here considered, and also the bearing of the canal on the future of the white races in the tropics.

The Oxford edition of Thackeray is completed by the issue of four volumes (XIV. to XVII), which contain "The Newcomes," "Henry Esmond," "The Adventures of Philip," and several of the minor works. Professor Saintsbury continues to discourse prefatorially in his jaunty vein of the books and the characters that live in them. He is a convinced Thackerayan, naturally, but he does not hesitate to put his finger on the weak joints here and there of the novels. "Esmond" is evidently his favorite; "one of the furthest explorations that we yet possess of human genius," he reckons it, "one of the most extraordinary achievements of that higher imagination which Coleridge liked to call *esenoplastic*." More interesting than such laudation, however true, is his analysis of the autobiographical hypothesis into its three elements, Esmond being Thackeray "himself and 'the other fellow,' and also, as it were, human criticism of both." One point Prof. Saintsbury does not bring out, nor does any other critic, so far as we remember; that is the fact that these memoirs are supposed to have been written by Esmond for the perusal of his wife, and are colored throughout by this personal relation. Thackeray never forgets this, and in many places allows the reader to get glimpses between the lines of the state of affairs as they really were, and not as they are presented for the eyes of the jealous wife. With this point in mind we should hesitate to say quite so emphatically as does Professor Saintsbury that "Harry had been in love with the mother, as well as with the daughter, all along." The tragedy of the book is deeper than it at first appears—though deep enough under any light. Its burden, shown in many aspects besides the final marriage, is the difference between the ideal love of beauty and the inevitable compromises of life, and its solution is the philosophy of victory through resignation. Professor Saintsbury has much to say also on "Philip" and "The Newcomes" that might suggest comment. "The Newcomes," he thinks, must be the most popular of Thackeray's novels, and himself ranks it higher in the scale of excellence than we at least are inclined to admit. Despite its marvellous scenes and still more marvellous character sketches, "The Newcomes" has always seemed to suffer from one essential weakness; it is a novel not "without a hero," but that hero, Clive, is uninteresting. In this respect the book falls far below "Pendennis." In fact, it seems to us demonstrable that the greater novels, with the exception of "Esmond," which stands apart, degenerate in value in the order of publication, "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "The Newcomes," "The Virginians," and "Philip." And the reason no doubt is that Thackeray, like a good Englishman, depended too much on the spontaneity of genius, and rather despised the laborious lessons of art.

To its green and gilt bound series the Oxford University Press has added three volumes of exceptional interest. One is John Galt's delightful "Annals of the Parish," a perfect example of dry Scotch humor. Another contains the "Select Poems of William Barnes," with an introduction by Thomas Hardy. Barnes has had the good fortune to win the applause of two famous lovers of his Dorsetshire—Hardy and Lionel Johnson, and his homely pathos and beauty will have a charm for any reader who can surmount the first repulsion of the Wessex dialect. The third volume is "Echoes from the Oxford Magazine," printed from the second (1890) edition. It is a book of academic humor at its best, a worthy continuation of Calverley, a rich and fine growth which has never taken root on this side of the Atlantic, though Dr. Holmes sometimes came close to it. Some of the best pieces in this collection are parodies of Tennyson and Swinburne and others by Q. (Mr. Quiller-Couch), a clever skit on "The Art of Bowling" written as a Socratic dialogue by C. T.—but all the pieces are so good that there is little choice, and, besides, they are prob-

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ably already known to the reader of this note.

"The King's English," which we noticed editorially July 12, 1906 (p. 29), has been reduced to something less than half its original bulk, and so issued by the Clarendon Press as a schoolbook. The omissions are of non-essentials and scarcely diminish the value of the work. As we remarked of the original edition, no one can acquire the positive qualities of style by reading such a manual, but one may be warned of many faults. The book is an excellent example of its class, and there are few writers who would not be improved by going through it carefully.

Little, Brown & Co. have gathered the "Poems and Sonnets" of the late Louise Chandler Moulton into a volume, for which Harriet Prescott Spofford has provided a preface of glowing eulogy. Mrs. Moulton's verse suffers somewhat from reading in mass; its saccharine taste becomes cloying after a while, and the eye begins to run forward at each new elegy to catch the word "moan." But taken singly or in small groups many of her pieces undoubtedly possess a rare beauty, rising in a few of the sonnets and at least in "Laus Veneris" among the poems to something very near the sublime.

The "Poems" of E. C. Stedman in a standard series published by Houghton Mifflin Co. emphasizes the fact that this genial critic and poet has laid down the pen and taken his reward. We have no intention of attempting to characterize Mr. Stedman's verse. Its qualities are well known. His best work, of serious vein, is found, we think, in the poems written to commemorate great names or important events. Here, without reaching too strenuously after the exalted, he assumes easily a grave and pleasant dignity.

Copies of the "Facsimile of the MSS. of Milton's Minor Poems, preserved in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge," may be obtained of Bowes & Bowes of Cambridge, England. This is a volume of collotypes privately printed by A. G. Dew Smith in 1889, and shows clearly the complicated corrections of the poet.

Now is the season when annuals of various sorts make their appearance, and among the first of these and the most generally useful is "Whitaker's Almanack" for 1909, published by Joseph Whitaker of London. The present edition has undergone considerable rearrangement, which was made necessary by the introduction of a number of new topics. Some notion of the wealth of material included may be gained from the fact that the index contains more than 6,000 references.

The "Almanach de Gotha" for 1909 also makes its appearance (imported by Lemcke & Buechner), with its usual genealogical and political information. The engraved portraits this year are of the King and Queen of Sweden and the Duke and Duchess of Baden.

The fourth edition of "Wer ist's?" for 1909 appears promptly, coming to our table from G. E. Stechert & Co., the American publisher. About 2,000 new biographies are included, and the type of almost the whole work has been reset, giving a clear impression. The volume has grown so large that the editor will soon be compelled, as the editor of the English "Who's Who" found it necessary, to banish the preliminary statistical tables and other miscellaneous matter to a separate volume. One of these additions, however, is highly useful for those who would consult such a book, containing a list of some 3,000 pseudonyms. Continual use has only brought out more clearly the fulness and excellence of this publication. The only difficulty it presents is the severe abbreviation of the titles of books, but the names of German books are commonly so long that some such compression was necessary for saving space. As it is, the present issue runs to 1,626 pages.

A. & C. Black have added to their series of illustrated description books a handsome volume, "The Isle of Wight" (imported by the Macmillan Co.). The narrative by Hope Moncrieff bears the respectable and unexciting character that one would expect. The colored illustrations by A. Heaton Cooper are vigorous and interesting, though the color is not always convincing, while the artist's impressionism sometimes taxes the resources of reproduction.

Of "Travels of a Lady's Maid," by "A. B.," (L. C. Page & Co.), it may be said that while the travels are the well-known article that any one could dictate with his eyes shut, the lady's maid is of a type that never was on sea or land. The book abounds in the sort of English humor which it is admitted that Americans cannot understand, although it is usually as in the present instance, thoroughly explained and edited with a key attached.

In "From the North Foreland to Penzance" (Duffield & Co.), Clive Holland has amassed a sufficiently readable agglomeration of anecdote, description, moral reflection, and history bearing on the south coast of England. But the reason for the book's existence is to be found in the admirable illustrations by Maurice Randall. These are exceptionally artistic and effective instances of the three-color process, showing the great range of which that process is capable. Apart from their technical excellence, they have qualities of sentiment that will charm every lover of the characteristic sea-coasts of England, and the artist has anticipated with great tact the requirements of the method of reproduction. The painter and the printer must divide the credit for an achievement in the presentation of skies and sea stretches that marks high-water in the mechanical use of color.

W. H. Hudson's exquisite talent has won him a body of warm admirers, but the very nature of that talent, its restraint, its simplicity, its refusal to force the note, keep the body a small one. Those who hold "Green Mansions" among their chosen books will be glad to find in "The Land's End" (D. Appleton & Co.), although it is not a romance, the same power to observe and reproduce nature. "Green Mansions" presented the tropical forest as mere literature has hardly painted it elsewhere; this latest book uses a different palette altogether and gives us the water-charged atmosphere, the scanty, wind-tormented flora and the strong and struggling fauna (from men to adders) of the Duchy of Cornwall. Birds are Mr. Hudson's chief interest in life, but he conceives his subject in a large spirit, and as for instance the prevalence of Methodism in Cornwall bears indirectly but indisputably on the welfare of the birds, that and many other sociological phenomena come into his discussion. The book is profusely illustrated with half-tones and with line-plates in the text, well enough drawn by A. L. Collins, but rather coarsely reproduced.

The Rev. John P. Peters has published a pamphlet, "Hilprecht's Answer," in which he analyzes the contents of Prof. H. V. Hilprecht's volume, "The So-Called Peters-Hilprecht Controversy." Dr. Peters says:

> This little pamphlet is intended both as a response to Hilprecht's answers, which seem to me, while attempting to evade the real issues, to be in fact an admission of substantially everything alleged by me, and also as a summary of the situation as it now stands. My hope is that, instead of controversy as to the past, we may now have an actual publication of the Nippur material in an orderly and scientific way, which will enable the world to ascertain precisely what was discovered, with proper identification of the provenance of each object. If this unsavory controversy shall end in such a good result, I shall be sufficiently repaid for my part of the pain and unpleasantness.

"The Control of Public Utilities," by William M. Ivins and Herbert Delavan Mason (Baker, Voorhis & Co.), gives the Public Service Commission Law of New York, together with the text of the Interstate Commerce Act and the Rapid Transit Act of New York, all carefully annotated, with citations of leading American cases. The whole is a bulky volume of nearly 1,200 pages, which, with its full indexes, cross-references, and judicial precedents, is itself an obvious public utility. As Mr. Ivins contends in the preface, there is no doubt that the movement to regulate public-service corporations by the several States is bound to have a wide extension and thorough trial. Acts modelled on the New York statute are almost certain to be passed in New Jersey and in Connecticut, within six months. To legislators, therefore, as well as lawyers, this work is of timely interest. On the chief legal points involved, judicial opinion is not yet fully crystallized. When the Supreme Court finally decides the Consolidated Gas case, it may easily be that a new judicial landmark will be set up, by which all future legislation of the kind will need to orient itself.

The American Academy of Political and Social Science, in consultation with the officers of the National Society for the Promotion of Industrial Education, has devoted the issue of its *Annals* for January to a discussion of industrial education in its different phases. This issue includes articles by Col. Carroll D. Wright, the retiring president of the society; M. W. Alexander, sometime its vice-president; Dr. J. P. Haney, secretary; John Golden, president of the United Textile Workers of America; W. B. Prescott, secretary of the International Typographical Union Commission on Supplemental Trade Teaching, Chicago; N. W. Sample, superintendent of apprentices of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia; John Wanamaker; Dr. Booker T. Washington, principal of Tuskegee Institute; and Frederick W. Atkinson, president of the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute. Mr. Golden writes on the position of labor

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unions regarding industrial education; C. W. Cross on the "Apprenticeship System of the New York Central Lines," and Mr. Wanamaker on "A Store School."

"The Gay Gordons," by John Malcolm Bullock (London: Chapman & Hall), is well enough described by the second title, "Some Strange Adventures of a Famous Scots Family." The author, who is engaged in editing a many-volumed history of the House of Gordon, has extracted from the "immense amount of material at [his] disposal" a number of highly picturesque characters and incidents and put them together "to illustrate some well-defined characteristics of the family." The most marked of these traits would seem to be that which has earned for the clan the title of the Gay, or the Gey, Gordons—according to whether the name is spoken by friendly or unfriendly critics—a certain dare-devil recklessness, leading them far afield as rovers of sea and land, soldiers of fortune, and champions of lost causes. To show how this wild strain in the blood turned the poor brain of mad Lord George, fed the fiery genius of Byron, and mingled hero and fanatic in the indomitable martyr of Khartum would be an interesting task, but Mr. Bullock has expressly chosen to omit the best known figures from his gallery, nor indeed would his hand be equal to any very subtle or valuable studies of character. It is more to be regretted that the regard for space which led him to strike out the greater names on his list did not hold him to a severer standard in dealing with the lesser; there is a good deal of genealogical dead wood, which would be better cut away. In spite of this, however, and of the author's slipshod style and commonplace ideas, the book contains much curious and enjoyable reading. The White Rose of Scotland who married poor Perkin Warbeck; the Great Glenbucket, crouching over his "little grey Highland beast" as he rides away from Culloden; the beautiful Sarah Lennox, she whom Thackeray paints for us making hay at Young George the Third on the lawn of Holland House; the silly, gallant lad who got himself beheaded (*guillotined* is surely a curious anachronism for 1769) at Brest as a spy—all these and many other picturesque, unlucky figures pass across the stage, but none stranger or more haunting than the last Earl of Aberdeen, the elder brother of the present peer. In January, 1866, this young man, no wild gallant, but serious, religious, well-educated, the head of his family, having already taken his seat in the House of Lords, left home forever. On May 22 he entered himself on the visitors' book at the Revere House, Boston, as "George H. Osborne," and for the remaining four years of his life he hid himself under that name and revelled in the hardships and adventures of an able seaman. He had risen to be first mate on a three-master sailing from Boston when he was knocked overboard one rough night in mid-ocean and never seen again. Of all the Gay Gordons, surely none has been truer to the blood, none readier to count the world well lost to satisfy an insistent craving of the spirit, than that blameless gentleman, the sixth Earl of Aberdeen.

The extraordinary vogue of "Rembrandt als Erzieher," which advocated the regeneration of Germany through her low-land peasantry, has been responsible for innumerable philosophical protests against modern educational methods in Germany. One of the most vigorous is August Horneffer's "Erziehung der modernen Seele," which seeks the remedy for the prevailing anarchistic tendencies in literature and art, not only in a return to Greek culture, but also in the lessons to be drawn from Chinese rigidity in moral instruction. The author apparently finds the antagonism between the educational ideals of Greece and China less irreconcilable than might be supposed. At any rate, in his opinion, both have led to important identical results—simplicity, sincerity, clearness. In China, "men live clearly and on solid ground." Herr Horneffer is less vague than most writers on similar subjects, but as in so many recent German books of this kind, sexual problems are needlessly dragged into the discussion.

"Die Erteilung der Doktorwürde an den Universitäten Deutschlands, mit Textabdruck der amtlichen Satzungen," by Dr. O. Schröder (Halle: Buchhandlung des Waisenhauses), hitherto published as one volume, is now issued also in four separate parts, giving the official data on the doctors' degrees in the theological, the law, the medical, and the philosophical faculties.

"Von Gott und Gottes Offenbarung" is the title of a new collection of sermons, from the point of view of advanced theology, by Julius Bode of Bremen, a recognized leader in the propaganda of adapting new theology to modern religious needs. He recently issued a similar work entitled "Im Lichte leben!" (Slade: Fr. Schaumberg).

The Waisenhaus Verlag of Halle has just issued two works in the field of Germanic philology. One is the third volume of R. C. Boer's "Untersuchungen über den Ursprung und die Entwicklung der Nibelungen Sage"; the other, Virgil Moser's "Historisch-grammatische Einführung in die frühneuhochdeutschen Schriftsdialekte."

An archæological work of interest has just come from the presses of the Dieterich'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung (Leipzig: Theodor Weicher), "Der kretische Apollonkult: Vorstudien zu einer Analyse der kretischen Götterkulte," by Dr. Wolf Aly. On the basis of recent research in the archæology of Crete, the author begins here an attempt to solve the Mycæno-Cretan problem. The special purpose of this brochure is to show that the worship of Apollo was introduced at a comparatively late period into Crete, and was there united with the worship of some of the older divinities.

The studies contained in the sixth part of Gustaf F. Steffen's "Sociala studier" (Stockholm: Geber) deal with some fundamental aspects of social theory. The central idea in these studies is that the economic civilization is not the aim of life, that this civilization is the means by which men in our day reach the *real* aim of life, namely a higher culture, ethical, religious, æsthetic, scientific. The way to realize this aim is in the direction of Socialism. On the specific socialistic movement, which is called Social Democracy, the author looks less critically than in 1900, when he published his work, "Lönarbetaren och Samhället," because, he says, "since then important progress has been made within the Social Democracy from the older Marxian dogmatism to a modern scientific view."

Under the title, "Dieci anni di Storia piemontese (1814-1824)," the Fratelli Bocca of Turin have just published for the Piedmont Committee of the Società per la Storia del Risorgimento, a volume which includes unpublished letters of Vittorio Emanuele I, Carlo Felice, Carlo Alberto, and others. The book is edited by a grandson of Gen. Alessandro Marmora, Count Mario degli Alberti, who has included a number of letters in the possession of his family, written by Carlo Alberto to the Marquis Carlo della Marmora, between November, 1821, and 1824, while forced by Carlo Felice to live in exile in Tuscany. The editor also reprints two memorials of King Carlo Alberto: that addressed to the Powers in 1821, entitled "Rapport et détails de la Révolution qui eut lieu en Piémont dans le mois de Mars, et détails sur ma Régence," and that of 1838, with the title "Relazione ad majorem dei gloriam." Among much that is trivial and tedious, these letters present this king, who has been called the "Italian Hamlet," as bearing ill fortune with cheerful fortitude, hoping, as he says, "that some day many people may become convinced that I have been strangely and unreasonably slandered in every way."

Under the direction of W. D. Johnston, its newly appointed librarian, the library of the United States Bureau of Education has during the past year undertaken some important new functions in behalf of educational workers and pedagogical libraries in this country. With a view to the improvement of the catalogues of pedagogical collections, the library began on January 1, 1908, to publish catalogue cards for current educational literature not copyrighted in the United States. These cards are printed and sold by the Library of Congress as a part of the service of its card section. As all books copyrighted in the United States are at present catalogued by the Library of Congress, it is now possible for librarians to secure printed cards for almost any current publication relating to education. These cards are also useful as announcements of current publications, constituting, as they do, the most complete record of current pedagogical literature which exists. During the coming year all cards made out in cataloguing the collection of this library, whether of old books or new books, will be printed, so that with the development of its collection and the completion of its recataloguing, it will become possible to secure from the library an exact description of any pedagogical work of importance, whether a current publication or not. The library has further undertaken the preparation of a union catalogue of the more important pedagogical collections of other libraries in the United States. Cards for books in this library and cards for books in other libraries are filed in one alphabet. This union catalogue should be useful to students wishing to learn where a rare book or edition may be found. It is also of particular use to this library in reducing to a minimum the purchase of duplicates.

At the meeting of the Archæological Institute of America at the University of Toronto, December 29, Prof. Henry A. Sanders of the University of Michigan pre-

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sented his second report upon the Greek Biblical manuscripts brought from Egypt in 1907 by Charles L. Freer of Detroit (see the *Nation*, January 2, 1908, p. 8). The work of separating the leaves of the manuscripts, said Professor Sanders, has progressed satisfactorily during the year. The majority of the leaves separated have also been photographed, and the process of collation is being carried on. A facsimile of the manuscript of Deuteronomy and Joshua, now in preparation, will be first of the series to be published. The heterogeneous character of these four parts of one Bible is now even more manifest than at first. Comparison with numerous other manuscripts has made it clear that those in the Freer collection were written in lower Egypt at dates ranging from the fourth to the eighth century. Of greatest interest, not only palæographically, but for other reasons, is the discovery that near the middle of the manuscript of the Gospels there is a 16-page quire which is written in a hand unlike any that appears elsewhere in the manuscript, and upon a different kind of parchment, with a different sort of ruling. On the basis of the excellence of the text, the ancient appearance of the parchment the peculiar spelling, the character of the writing (resembling a papyrus hand), and evidence of transmission from a similar source in other parts of the manuscript, it seems probable that these sixteen pages once formed a part of the parent manuscript from which most of the text of John, Luke, and Mark in this manuscript of the Gospels was copied; the parent manuscript cannot be dated later than the fourth century. The whole of Matthew and probably some other portions were copied from a different manuscript having a text presenting a considerable mixture of Syrian readings. The ancient home of this Bible has been discovered through a new interpretation of the subscription at the end of the Gospel of Mark. This reads as follows: "O Holy Christ, be thou with thy servant Timothy and all his." The reference is to Saint Timothy, who was a martyred monk of Memphis; "all his" are the worshippers in his church, which was in the Monastery of the Vinedresser, a short distance west of the Pyramids. That monastery perished between 1208 and 1441 A. D., and probably this Bible was then transferred to another.

The Société des Gens de Lettres has announced its annual prizes: The Grand Prix Chauchard, 3,000 francs, to the novelist Camille Debans; two other prizes of the same foundation, each 1,000 francs, to Ph. Chaperon and Mme. Camille Pert; the Prix of the President of the Republic, 1,000 francs, to Jean Blaize; and the Prix Petit-Bourg, 1,000 francs, to Charles Diguet.

Charles Edward Phelps died in Baltimore December 27 at the age of seventy-five. He was graduated from the Harvard Law School in 1853, practised law in Baltimore, served in the Maryland Brigade of the Union Army, was elected to Congress in 1864 and to the Supreme Court Bench in Baltimore in 1882. He published "Juridical Equity" (1894), "Falstaff and Equity" (1901), and "One of the Missing" (1905).

The death is announced of Edmond Louis Stapfer in his sixty-fifth year. He was the oldest member of the Faculté de Théologie of Paris, and one of the most influential members of the Reformed Church in France. Besides a critical translation of the New Testament, he published "Les Idées religieuses en Palestine à l'époque de Jésus-Christ" and "La Palestine au temps de Jésus-Christ."

THE MISTRESS OF HOLLAND HOUSE

The Journal of Elizabeth Lady Holland (1791-1811). Edited by the Earl of Ilchester. 2 vols. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $6 net.

The Lady Holland chiefly known to us, the one presented, for example, in Mr. Sanders's recently published "Holland House Circle" (see the *Nation*. October 8, page 336), is the imperious hostess of the later years, in whose salon and dining room the recognized wits of London met to cross swords. The present handsome volumes give her under rather a new light. Beginning with June, 1791, when she left England with her first husband, Sir Godfrey Webster, the first part of the Journal carries the record through her five years of foreign travel. There is then an interval of a year, during which her first union was annulled by Parliament and she was married to Henry Richard, third Lord Holland. The second part of the Journal begins after this event and continues through the four years of Whig "Secession," until 1801. With the change in the nature of the Opposition there is a change in the Journal; the political events are followed with more historical regularity and less personal interest, especially during the Ministry of All the Talents, when Lord Holland was Privy Seal. After the fall of that Ministry the entries diminish in continuity, coming to an abrupt end in 1811.

The Journal thus divides naturally into three sections, of which the second is far the most entertaining. The earliest division is not without interest of a personal sort. Here and there a few words escape the diarist, showing her rancorous hatred of the dull squire to whom she was married at the age of fifteen, and who was totally unsympathetic to her vivacious temper and petulant vanities. But for the most part her Journal of travel is like that of any intelligent young woman—she was only twenty when she went abroad—and scarcely worth printing. With her marriage to Lord Holland, with whom she had begun to live before her divorce, all this changes. She was devoted to her new husband. Though always looked at askance by the more decorous ladies of England, she was set immediately at the centre of the society of Whig rebels, and her home became their meeting place for politics and recreation. Columns might be filled with anecdotes and sketches of character. Toward Charles Fox, her husband's uncle, she had that personal drawing which he won from almost all who came into contact with him, although her bitter diatribes against gambling show that she was aware of his weaknesses. She quotes, too, with approval the saying of the terrible Sir Philip Francis (whom she both feared and despised) that Fox was a man of "facility" without "cordiality"; but in his presence that facility had the power of genius. March 10, 1799, she writes of him:

> We sat up very late with him; his conversation is always instructive and entertaining. He shuns politics as much as I could wish. Criticism, literature, and observations upon character are the chief topics. It is astonishing what a storehouse of knowledge his mind is of every sort, from a fairy tale up to a system of philosophy. A novel was mentioned, upon which he launched forth upon a discussion on the different merits of the novelists, in which he displayed as great a range of reading as a miss who reads from a circulating library could do.

Of the other great Whigs Sheridan was evidently antipathetic to her. She disliked him personally and distrusted him politically. The best of her bonmots are already known from other diarists of the age, but we do not remember to have read this about Sheridan:

> There is a story of his offering some stories to Mr. Fox, to assist him in argument, but the latter, who is very strict as to what he asserts, asked if they were well authenticated, and, finding they depended upon report, declined using them; upon which S. said, "He is so d——d *surly about facts.*"

The most interesting figure, of whom we get only tantalizing glimpses, is Lord Lansdown (as the name was spelt by him), better known in history as Shelburne. Readers of Disraeli will remember his admiration for one whom he regarded as the most philosophical and least understood among English statesmen. Disraeli was drawn to Shelburne in part, no doubt, by the mystery that hangs about his character, and the uncertainty whether his pose signified profundity or concealed charlatanry. Perhaps, too, he had a natural sympathy for one about whom, to quote Lady Holland, "a simple, well-meaning man once said, 'What a pity 'tis that Mr. Fox has no private character, and Ld. L. no public one.'" What is told of him in the present memoirs will only cast another veil of obscurity about his character, but it will at least win sympathy for the man in his broken health, distrusted by his political allies, at war with his oldest son, living in a "vast solitude":

> Ld. L., in his old age, surrounded with dignities and wealth, is helpless, and more an object of pity than of envy. He has no friend. Col. Barré, who went through life with him, he has broken with; the cause of their quarrel is a mystery [always *mystery*]. He loves the society of women, and has lost two wives. His son, whom he

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meant to make a tool for his ambition and to live over again in his political career, shuns the line he designed him for, and is an alien to his country. The character of his second son is not yet developed. His home is a vast solitude, and but for the three ladies must be insufferable. . . . He always makes me melancholy, to fancy the anguish he must at times endure. When he was in ministry many of the squibs of the day had compared him with the Jesuit Malagrida. Goldsmith, with his usual simplicity, said to him, "I wonder, my Lord, at their comparing you to Malagrida, for he was a very honest man."

In these chance notes of intimate characterization lies the chief interest of Lady Holland's Journal; her account of political movements is neither consecutive nor quite clear. As for her own character, she appears a woman lovable in many ways, excessively sociable, hating the country and clinging to the town, not yet imperious, though with signs of that coming trait. It is evident that her success as a hostess was in no small part due to her physical attraction to men. Hints occur continually of lovers at her feet, though, with the exception of her escapade with the man she afterwards married, it would appear that she herself, if flattered, was always perfectly discreet. In religion she belonged to the free thinkers of the day, and she has recorded a curious prayer in acknowledgment of recovered health, beginning: "Oh, God! chance, nature, or whatever thou art." On the whole, she must have been, even in youth, a woman not altogether easy to live with, and there is a satisfaction in thinking that she probably made her first husband, a man apparently of many contemptible qualities, as unhappy as he made her.

CURRENT FICTION.

The War in the Air. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Mr. Wells tethers this nightmare almost at our doors. If this history written before the event proves sound, the present generation will live to see the heavens filled with navies "dripping death," and the nations disembowelling one another in universal war. The conflict is precipitated by the Crown Prince Karl Albert, an austere, dreamy-eyed military fanatic whose brains are addled by his "star," his ancestors, and the Imperial destiny of Germany. Believing that his aerial fleet will render him invincible, he sails over New York, demolishes it like an ant-hill, and establishes his base in the heart of the United States. It was a happy inspiration to present these tremendous affairs as seen by an unwilling passenger in the Prince's flagship—Bert Smallways, a droll, stupid cockney, formerly repairer of bicycles in Bun Hill. Bert is a rather rich, humorous creation. Stupid as he is, he is wiser than the lords of the earth—he is a kind of homely symbol of the pacific, humdrum common sense of the world. Through the dull opacity of his intellect one truth is as clear as noonday—the vast futility of war. Cornered by bloody circumstances, he blows the Prince to pieces with an explosive bullet, and thus, to a stray cat which he has befriended, moralizes the event:

> War's a silly gaim, Kitty. It's a silly gaim! We common people—we were fools. We thought those big people knew what they were up to—and they didn't. Look at that chap! 'E 'ad all Germany be'ind 'im, and what 'as 'e made of it? Smeshin' and blunderin' and destroyin', and there 'e is! Jest a mess of blood and boots and things! Jest an 'orrid splash! Prince Karl Albert! And all the men 'e led and the ships 'e 'ad, the airships, and the dragon-fliers—all scattered like a paper-chase between this 'ole and Germany.

There are suggestions here and elsewhere of the spectre-seeing Carlyle and his Merovingian kings—the solemn poetry of desolation and the ultimate vanity of human affairs. After the terrific helterskelter of world-wide conflict, modern civilization lapses into a kind of ghastly barbarism—the world "rambles into nothingness."

The familiar and vivid realism in which Mr. Wells's imagination garbs itself makes this wild romance impressive, and at times almost credible. It is an exciting tale, a novel military history, and a pungent fable for jingoes.

The Emotionalist. By Stanley Olmsted. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The sub-title describes this book as "The Romance of an Awakening to Temperament." In the following pages, there is much incipient romance, and much attempted definition of temperament, but one is left on the last page, "tangled in prickly chromatics," still awaiting the awakening. Is the author indulging in Shavian merriment at the reader's expense by thus implying that so-called temperament (whether plain English or italicized and accented) is merely a recognition of the buttered side of one's bread? It is difficult to draw any other conclusion from the Furman's preferring an oil magnate to the operatic career for which she has already forsaken the tedious Aldrich. This ending is quite in harmony with a certain deliberate effort to astonish which, throughout the story, takes the place of orginality. We are prepared to distrust Miss Low as designing, and all at once a halo is clapped on her head and she stands forth a self-sacrificing saint. Figures are introduced with a flourish of trumpets and vanish into thin air having accomplished nothing but their entrance. Amid these alarms and excursions, one rests with a sense of security on the infinite lack of variety of the two principals, Aldrich and Victoria Furman. Even the generous use of local color fails to give them the illusion of life; beneath the make-up they have the lay-figure's unbewildering repose.

Friendship Village. By Zona Gale. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Friendship, as the author's note warns us, may be sought in vain geographically; but in the reader's heart-atlas it may readily be found in the same latitude with Cranford, Our Village, and Thrums. In all of them, one has the same warm sense of intimacy with real people whom one would gladly meet. The characters are like an orchestra, each instrument holding a part of its own, all interwoven to a harmonious whole; an orchestra of strings, be it added—for even the Proudfits' motor fails to introduce a note of brass. The story of the book stands secondary in interest to its philosophy, which is of the simplest and oldest in theory. It finds its clearest expression in the bits of homely talk that sweeten the pages like wayside flowers. With the wholesome pungency of humor that pervades the whole, the book cannot fail to find a welcome, though, as art, it falls short of the dainty distinction of "The Loves of Pelleas and Etarre."

The Expensive Miss Du Cane. By S. Macnaughtan. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The house-party assembled at Hesketh—"a house where nothing very brilliant was demanded of its guests, and where the fatiguing exigencies of being 'fast' were unknown"—is, even more than the usual English country-house assemblage, made up of eccentricities. They are, in fact, so close upon caricature that if they were not exceedingly clever, they would be emphatically ridiculous. And yet before the visit is over there is hardly one of the party who has not shown a human feeling too genuine to be dissipated even by the dispersive breath of parody.

The hostess and two of her guests, however, stand quite untouched by exaggeration. The "episode in Miss Du Cane's life"—thus runs the sub-title—is of a pathetic sort, more rarely met in novels than either tragedy or the "happy ever after" of comedy. It recalls a little the ache of an old story of two generations ago—"A Last Love." The hero of Miss Du Cane's episode, to be sure, is not of the large nobility of that earlier blameless hero. It is perfectly easy to put the finger on Geoffrey Arkwright's weak spot. The point remains, however, that for all his weakness he is not quite a cad. Hetty Du Cane, in holding him guiltless of the charge of mercenariness, was not all feeble supineness. There is that mingling of reasonableness with wrong done which makes this world a coil, its simplest affairs the results of vast and com-

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plicated forces, its judgments vain futilities.

The book thus furnishes both amusing and touching reading. The absurdities of a fussy host and a houseful of guests bent on amusement, yet kicking against the prick of organized entertainment, are enlargements of matters of universal observation. The penultimate chapter describing the pseudo wedding journey is pathetic poetry, pure and undefiled.

That Pup. By Ellis Parker Butler. New York: The McClure Co.

Mr. Butler's latest short story in book form is a very close variation on the theme of "Pigs is Pigs." There are, of course, a half-dozen pages that will bring a loud laugh. Mr. Butler's attempt to formulate a law of periodicity in dogs, based on the fact that one gun will send one dog into hiding for exactly forty-eight hours, is ingenious. On the whole, however, the fun spreads rather thin over sixty pages.

Round the Fire Stories. By Arthur Conan Doyle. New York: The McClure Co.

This volume is a collection of some seventeen stories which, as the author explains in a preface, "are concerned with the grotesque and with the terrible—such tales as might well be read 'round the fire' upon a winter's night." As is bound to be the case, the selections are uneven in quality, yet as a whole they attain in their kind a remarkably high level of excellence. Reading the volume cannot but strengthen one's conviction that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle possesses great versatility, ingenuity, and skill as a narrator. "The Leather Funnel," "The Beetle Hunter," "The Man with the Watches," and "The Japanned Box" are fair examples of the author's work. "The Pot of Caviare," "The Lost Special," and "The Brazilian Cat" are distinctly above the average, admirable bits of construction.

Letters and Memorials of Wendell Phillips Garrison: Literary Editor of the *Nation*, 1865-1906. Cambridge: Riverside Press.

Though this volume is privately printed, notice of it is fitting in a journal to which Mr. Garrison gave so largely of his life. In arrangement, form, and typography, it exhibits a taste which would have satisfied his exacting standards, while in the nicer matter of judgment concerning what to print, one would fain believe that even his fastidious pen could have found nothing here to strike out. The plan of the book is to give a condensed account of his outwardly uneventful life, a few personal tributes from men who knew him well, with selections from his letters to friends and contributors, closing with a few specimens of his published self-expression in verse, in articles, and in addresses. His friend and classmate, Prof. J. H. McDaniels of Hobart College, writes the sympathetic and adequate introduction.

The letters fill just over one hundred pages, and are singularly revealing of the man. If any regret is left with the reader, it is that more of them had not been collected, or printed. Mr. Garrison was a voluminous and conscientious letter-writer, in an age when that art had nearly expired, and it seems a pity that a fuller disclosure or illustration of his character were not available in the form of his correspondence. It is not a question of family letters, or of those written *intime* when sorrow ploughed him deep: such were inevitably kept back. There must be, however, multitudes of the letters of Mr. Garrison, the editor, still in existence. If one covets a larger selection from them, it is because those in this volume are so typical, and whet the appetite for more. They put before us the man in habit as he was. His infinite kindness and his limitless taking of pains were swayed by a sort of impersonal ideal of the editor of the *Nation*, seeming to rise above Mr. Garrison's self. What his own heart would move him to do, the obligations of the editor would often not permit. Again and again in these letters does this double relation come out, nowhere more characteristically, perhaps, than when he wrote to W. R. Thayer that "one of my closest friends has been treated, *Nation* fashion, quite objectively when passing under our critical harrow, and has almost entreated me not to notice another book of his." This was "the impersonal *Nation*," of which Mr. Garrison loved to think.

The temptation to enlarge upon this memorial volume is the easier to resist for remembering Mr. Garrison's own scruple, apropos of a notice of Mr. Godkin's Essays, lest anything should be written which it would be "indelicate" to print "in the editor's own paper." We only remark on the passion for verification which governed his whole editorial life, which was strong even in his days of weakness, and which showed itself pathetically when he was practically on his death-bed. So deep a love of minute accuracy—in him a part of the worship of truth—can seldom have so long presided over the work of so many writers.

Dante e la Francia, dall' Età media al Secolo di Voltaire. Per Arturo Farinelli. 2 vols.; pp. xxvi+560, xiv+381. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli.

Scholars have been long awaiting this important work, the result of *lungo studio e grande amore*, and their expectations are not likely to be disappointed. Professor Farinelli is in some respects the most learned literary scholar in Europe. His superb linguistic equipment permits him to write with almost equal facility in four languages, and his works include monographs on the legend of Don Juan, in Italian; on Goethe's and Humboldt's relations with Spain, in French; on the Spanish influences in German literature, in German; and on Calderon and Gracian, in Spanish. Nearly all of these are concerned with some aspect of "comparative literature," or the external relations between various national literatures; but in all the treatment attempts to get behind this external framework, to study the vital influence of one culture on another, to observe how the genius of an individual artist has been enriched by contact with alien art and thought. These conclusions are not the result of critical intuition, but are built up on the accumulation of details, the result of enormous patience and investigation. Acumen in the interpretation of these details is never lacking, and the style often has a personal and fanciful note that comes as a surprise among such themes. But the details really interest him more than the interpretation. His talent is essentially bibliographical; he takes pride in recording every book that touches his subject at any point, even when (as is too often the case) he can only assure us that the book is worthless; he has no new and large syntheses of literary history to offer; acute analysis of his details and luminous comment on them are what we expect.

The climax of these labors is to be found in this new book on Dante and France. After an introductory chapter on Dante's obligations to French literature, the author proceeds to discuss the converse obligation of that literature to Dante himself. But the scope of the book is only very slightly indicated by its title; it is really a history of the influence of Italian culture in France from the Middle Ages to the beginning of the romantic movement With a more than admirable erudition, checked by the enormous bibliographical apparatus, every detail of the progress of this influence is recorded, commented upon, and interpreted in the light of the national genius shaping itself in space and time. All the great names of French literature are passed in review, from the days of Christine de Pisan, Alain Chartier, Villon, Jean le Maire, and Rabelais; the rich treasure-house of renaissance culture, and the glories of the age of Louis XIV are ransacked for evidences of Italianate debts; and the harbingers of romanticism beckon ere the book closes. The two volumes are a monument of Italian scholarship, in which more than German patience has been relieved by the acumen of a fine Latin mind. But Professor Farinelli deceives himself in thinking that his main purpose is (as

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he says in the preface) "artistic." His real interest, as we have seen, is historical, or rather bibliographical, the history not so much of literature as of books. Like many erudite scholars, he fancies that nothing but a florid and picturesque style is needed to transform learning into æsthetic criticism. But his fervor and floridity cannot hide the essentially erudite quality of his interest in literature; one has but to contrast the style of Benedetto Croce or Karl Vossler, in whose work lucidity and simple directness lighten the darkest reaches of taste and thought.

Two trifling drawbacks will impress themselves on every American reader of the book. The English names and citations are simply a mass of error; hardly a single citation is free from disfigurement. A well-known seventeenth-century poet is called "il *duca* di Rochester" (II, 196, n.); Glastonbury becomes "Glatonburg" (I, 101, n.); and even Shakespeare becomes "Shaskespeare" (II, p. xiv). In the second place, why does Professor Farinelli think it necessary to allude with a sneer to all scholars in whose work he has found some inconsiderable error or with whose opinions he does not happen to agree? Why allude at all to those whose lesser learning has been corrected, and so made futile, by his own monumental work?

Studies in English Official Historical Documents. By Hubert Hall. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.75.

Probably the most significant advances in historical science at the present time have been made in the field of *Heuristik*, as the Germans call the science of the discovery and treatment of source material. All modern countries are more or less concerned with their archives, and are endeavoring to meet the needs of the scholars who use them. France has her École des Chartes, which trains archivists for the service of the state; America is attempting to give unity to her scattered historical forces, and to apply scientific methods to the gathering and publishing of material by State and central government. In no country has a more stupendous feat of this character been accomplished than in England. Sixty years ago her public records lay scattered in many places, in lofts and cellars, tanks and stables, under leaking roofs, and in water-drenched vaults. Today, nearly all these records are securely housed in a magnificent pile of buildings, zealously cared for, arranged, and prepared for the use of students. They no longer serve the purpose of autograph-hunting collectors; they are no longer liable to be carried off by government officers, to find their way into family archives, private collections, or the auction rooms.

Hubert Hall, himself an official of this great repository, the Public Record Office, and the mentor and friend of scores of American students, has supplied this pioneer treatise introductory to a scientific study of archive material. Though many books have been written upon the public records of England, and though official indexes, lists, and guides have been prepared, no similar work dealing in comprehensive manner with the several aspects of English archives has hitherto appeared. Mr. Hall divides his work into three parts: the first relating to the history, classification, and analysis of the archives; the second, to the diplomatic study of official documents; and the third, to palæography, its requirements and uses. Each part is accompanied by a series of appendices, containing tables, lists, outlines, and classifications too elaborate for insertion in the text.

This work indicates the spirit of the times as far as the study of history is concerned. It represents the attempt of an historical scholar, who is also an archivist, to furnish an intelligent clue to the vast labyrinth of the public records, a commentary, born of experience and understanding. Mr. Hall, unlike the professional archivist, is able to point out, not only where historical material is to be found, but also how this material ought to be handled. What he says is an excellent corrective of many prevailing ideas regarding historical work in our graduate schools. His chapter on the purpose and scope of a bibliography of official historical documents, for example, is exceedingly caustic in its criticism of the unintelligent, inadequate, and untrustworthy character of much of the bibliographical work hitherto done. All these chapters of the first part should be carefully digested by every student who is planning to work in the Public Record Office.

The second and the third parts are of interest chiefly to the student of mediæval English history, for they concern technical questions. England has lagged far behind Continental schools in the systematic study of diplomatic documents; and even to-day knowledge of appropriate formulas, technical phrases, and nomenclature is confined to a mere handful of English scholars. Mr. Hall has taught these subjects for twelve years in the University of London and elsewhere, and all that he says bears the stamp of authority. His second part is limited to a classification, definition, and description of the several diplomatic instruments which issued from the chancery, from the Anglo-Saxon charter to the Sign Manual warrant of the present day. His chapter on palæography is a working manual which not only deals with the technique of the subject, but offers to the beginner many hints of exceptional value. Even experts will find here a readable account of a subject little known. No other work, British or Continental, combines in such an admirable manner the learning of the archivist, the grasp of the historian, and the suggestiveness of the teacher.

Science.

SCIENCE AND IMMORTALITY.

The belief in the continuation of personal existence after the death of the body was prevalent in very ancient times. The conception of the immortality of the soul, with which this older belief is usually confused, is, however, relatively modern; and although evolved from the more ancient notion, it has become quite diverse from it in form and content. The more ancient view was altogether part and parcel of the materialism with which the thought of the savage was permeated. Something that belonged to, and was characteristic of, the body of the man when alive and awake was supposed to leave him temporarily when he slept, and permanently when he died. It is true that this something came to be, in a measure, identified vaguely with the man's mental life; nevertheless, the distinction between mind and body not being clearly appreciated, the something that left the man's body and returned again diurnally, and that finally deserted it permanently, was thought of as endowed with bodily characteristics of a very definite nature. The much more modern notion of immortality appeared only in conjunction with the conception of a non-material soul—a conception which probably developed in connection with the earliest crude criticism of experience, although not explicitly appreciated until much later. But to the soul as thus conceived there still clung not a few materialistic traits, which belonged to its more clearly material prototype pictured to himself by the savage, traits which in truth still attach to the soul, as the average uncritical man of our own day thinks of it.

All this is sufficiently commonplace; but here, as often, we are prone to overlook the obvious. In the main, our beliefs are maintained without attempt to rationalize them; and when, with growth of intelligence, a demand arises for this rationalization, we are likely to accept our concepts without inquiry as to their origin, or as to the meanings of terms this origin has involved. Such is the case with the conception here considered. Among the people of the Western world, of which alone I can here speak, modern religion has translated the tenets of the ancient materialistic animism into its own *quasi* idealistic language, without substantial-

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ly altering their significance; and, taking them thus, has woven the conception of the soul's immortality into the very warp and woof of its doctrine; but it has done so, in the main, rather as a matter of faith than of reason, and its devotees as a rule have thus naturally waived all critical examination of concepts or careful definition of terms. On the other hand, the student of science, which busies itself with material objects, noting that the soul is conceived of as non-material, has naturally turned away from the problem of its future existence. Where, however, this problem has been forced upon him, the scientist has not often stopped to consider the limitations of his habitual point of view, and has, therefore, been content to describe the soul as an epi-phenomenon, which flits shadow-like in the train of the mechanically ordered body, and goes out of existence when this body dies and is disintegrated. A view so subversive of a most cherished belief has naturally fired the religious man with holy indignation. But he has been content, in the main, to hurl anathemas at those who have thus disturbed his placid faith. Had he not been too well satisfied with the easy-going acceptance of an inherited dogma, the reasoning of the skeptical scientist might, on the one hand, have opened his eyes to his own lack of insight, and, on the other, might have led him to disturb the self-confidence of his scientific opponents by asking searching questions as to the meaning they attach to his own words and theirs. We shall never make definite advance in the solution of this problem of immortality until all parties come to something like a substantial agreement as to the meaning of soul, of personality, of the permanence of personality, of the relation of personality to body, etc.

In speaking thus of the mode of thought of the religious and of the scientific man, I, of course, leave out of consideration the religious thinker who is a technical metaphysician, for whom this doctrine of the soul's immortality has been a matter of serious discussion. And in our day, indeed, among philosophers of critical habit, we find the question receiving marked attention, as is clearly indicated, for instance, by the dissertations given on the Ingersoll Lecture foundation, and from time to time in the current numbers of the *Hibbert Journal*. But these interpretations of the doctrine are couched in terms which are entirely incomprehensible to the average highly intelligent and educated man, who, in natural dissatisfaction, turns anew to the devotees of science, whose speech seems not altogether an unknown tongue. The non-philosophical scientist, who, so far as metaphysical questions is concerned, is in the same class with these lay inquirers, comes forward from time to time with an encouraging answer to the doubts raised by his fellows. He, however, if we are to judge him by two recent works*, is not inclined to grapple with the difficulties which the metaphysician so keenly appreciates; but he seems content to rest upon hypothetical constructs, which not seldom display an amazing brilliancy of imagination, even if they do not convince one of their probable validity and value.

The discovery of such a mood in a scientist is likely to astonish us when we consider the contempt he has habitually accorded to hypotheses of a metaphysical type because of their lack of dependence upon experiences subject to experimental investigation—to astonish us until we recall that of late years in his own particular field he has indulged in a very riot of hypotheses, unverifiable by experience, in relation to the ether and atoms, to vortex rings knotted and unknotted, to electrons, etc., etc. These hypotheses are intensely interesting, and valuable in that they lend themselves to the correlation of a mighty array of facts in nature; but admittedly they are highly imaginative. It is not, then, so surprising after all to find in the books before us a wild use of hypotheses by men of training as physicists; nor can we discountenance these hypotheses altogether on the ground that they do not rest upon a firm basis, provided only they appear to lead to convincing correlations of experience. But such is surely not the case here.

Fournier frankly turns back to materialism, pure and simple. Upon the observations of continuity and of various grades of complexity in nature and life, he bases the assumption of the existence of attenuated, unobservable forms of matter which pervade the living body, and which still persist after death in forms which are of the essence of the individual during life. These correlated "psychomeres," he holds, live eternally as "astral bodies" in the atmosphere above the earth, assuming naturally fish-like or flame-like forms, which occasionally are given to our perception, but which more usually communicate with us through transformations more closely allied to our own nature, as in the ghosts and voices and "messages" of the mediums.

This hypothesis might be passed over as altogether unworthy of attention did not the writer make so much of, and show such a grasp of, facts favorable to the conception of continuity; were there not much strength in the general position he thus maintains; and did he not in support of his contentions make such full use of quotations from the works of serious scientific contributors, as, for instance, our biologist, E. B. Wilson. It is therefore worth while, perhaps, to call attention to the fatal defect in the author's argument, a defect which is at once apparent when we discover that the attenuated material particles which he assumes to exist in and of our living bodies, are designated as "psychomeres or soul particles"; when we note, in other words, that on reaching the unobservable he assumes, without a shadow of proof, that his matter has suddenly become mind. The possibility that this assumption is invalid does not seem to occur to our author; in fact, he can scarcely be said to give us any notion that he observes the leap he has taken. As a consequence, his conclusions prove to be entirely unworthy of serious consideration. They are not likely to satisfy the inquirer who looks for confirmation of the conception of the immortality of the soul, but will probably be used to strengthen their position by the spiritists who are becoming more and more annoyed by attempts like those of Podmore* and Bruce† to "naturalize" the phenomena they present to us.

Sir Oliver Lodge's book, however, must be taken more seriously because of the eminence its author has attained in the scientific world. The work is divided into four parts, two of which relate respectively to criticisms of the established English Church, and to "suggestions toward the reinterpretation of Christian Doctrine"; and which contain much excellent matter, although this is strangely placed in the volume, and bears little or no relation to the aim of the writer as suggested by his title and by the body of contents.

Turning to the author's principal contentions, we note that he finds himself deeply interested in the common man's conception of a separate soul essence, a conception which he accepts without adequate criticism; and he makes use of the very doubtful claims and theses of spiritism, and of notions derived from late studies of "dissociated personalities,"‡ etc., to develop what he conceives to be a scientific form of the concept of the soul's immortality. It may be well perhaps to present a brief summary of his argument, if such it may be called. "The soul," he tells us (p. 144), is "that part of man which is dissociated from the body at death,

**New Light on Immortality.* By E. E. Fournier d'Albe. Pp. 327. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75 net.

Science and Immortality. By Sir Oliver Lodge. Pp. 294. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $2 net.

**The Naturalization of the Supernatural.* By Frank Podmore. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. See the *Nation* of September 10, 1908, p. 239.

†*Historic Ghosts and Ghost Hunters.* By H. Addington Bruce. Pp. 234. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

‡Confer Morton Prince's *The Dissociation of a Personality*, reviewed in the *Nation* of April 5, 1906, p. 282. A new edition with no important changes has just been issued by the publishers, Longmans, Green & Co.

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that part which is characteristic of a living man as distinct from a corpse." It is also (p. 152), a "controlling and guiding principle which is responsible for our personal expression, and for the construction of the body under the restrictions of physical conditions and ancestry." "In its higher development it includes also feeling and intelligence and will, and is the storehouse of mental experience." Beyond this:

> In the higher organisms . . . it begins to acquire some of the character of "spirit," by which means it becomes related to the Divine Being. Soul appears to be the link between "spirit" and "matter" (p. 153).

We learn further (p. 159) that "no really existing thing perishes, but only changes its form." The "perceptible or incarnate existence" of a dew-drop "is temporary. As a drop it was born, and as a drop it dies; but as aqueous vapor it persists. . . . Even it, therefore, has the attribute of immortality" (p. 160). So is it with life, which cannot be a nonentity, nor can intellect and consciousness and will, nor memory and love and adoration:

> They are not nothing, nor shall they ever vanish into nothingness and cease to be. . . . For all those things which only share in a general life, the temporarily separated portion of that general life, will return undifferentiated and unidentified to its central store.

But "a memory, a consciousness, and a will, in so far as they constitute a consistent whole, constitute a personality; . . . personality or individuality itself dominates and transcends all temporal modes of expression, and so is essentially eternal wherever it exists" (p. 163). Again:

> If all that really exists is immortal, we have only to ask whether our personality, our character, our self, is sufficiently individual, sufficiently characteristic, sufficiently developed—in a word sufficiently *real:* for if it is, there can be no doubt of its continuance (p. 164).

Note that here it is the self and not the soul that is held to be immortal, and that we are not told by what criterion we are to be guided in determining when this sufficient reality is present. Sir Oliver further believes (p. 173) that "the facts of 'telepathy,' and in a less degree of what is called 'clairvoyance' must be regarded as practically established in the minds of those who have studied them":

> Telepathy alone tends mightily to strengthen the argument for transcendence of mind over body, so that we may reasonably expect the one to be capable of existing independently, and of surviving the other.

Further corroboration is found in the facts of automatism:

> The body, or some part of the body, though usually controlled and directed by the particular psychical agent which has composed and grown accustomed to it, can sometimes be found capable of responding to a foreign intelligence acting either telepathically through the mind, or telergically by a more direct process straight on the brain (p. 178).

Moreover, in the opinion of Sir Oliver, the subliminal faculty, and the occurrence of genius, point in the same direction.

One cannot read the above series of statements without being struck by the author's failure to grasp the connotations of the terms he so glibly employs; and especially by the lack of logical coherence in the propositions presented, and by the carelessness with which he introduces mere metaphors as steps in his argument, as, for instance, where he symbolizes the soul's immortality by reference to the persistence of aqueous vapor as a "form" existing before, and after, and through, the process of dew drop production. The soul which "includes what is connoted by the term 'mind'" is "the link between 'spirit' and 'matter,'" and "is *responsible* for the *construction of the body.*" This responsibility and constructive power, however, apparently do not belong to the soul as such, but only to that part of it which we call mind. Mind "has the power of liberating detents and pulling triggers in that strange physiological link with *another order of existence*" (p. 63). "Mind determines, life directs" (p. 64). Life guides, *i. e.*, is capable of the "influencing of activity without 'work,' the direction of energy without generating it, the utilizing and guiding existing activity for pre-conceived and purposed ends" (p. 61). These pre-conceived and purposed ends are, of course, psychic facts which strangely intrude without warning. And a similar intrusion is observed where we read, on p. 3, that "energy from the outside world" is "amenable to nerve messages sent from his brain, *and so ultimately from his mind.*" We might go further to show the changes of meaning given, in the course of our author's argument, to the word spirit, which at one time is dealt with as an attribute of the Deity—a view which, in a measure, we may share with him—and again appears to apply to the agency responsible for "spirit rappings." We might show like changes of meaning in his statement of pantheism (*e. g.*, pp. 31, 37, and 40); but this is not needful to confirm us in the view that his discussion will satisfy neither the philosopher, the logician, the scientist, nor the religious devotee.

To sum up, we have in Sir Oliver Lodge a man who has gained distinction in the realms of science, and who here essays to show to those whose interests lead them in other paths that science throws light upon the problems with which they are deeply concerned. In the argument of such an author we have a right to demand a well-defined sequence of propositions, a careful definition of terms and consistent use of the terms as thus defined, a rigid and judicious sifting and weighing of evidence, an avoidance of mysticism and of all unnecessary and doubtful hypotheses, and a clarity of exposition which aids the reader to separate merely theoretical positions from what is based upon firm foundation. That none of these demands are met by the author, must be apparent to the reader of the summary of the contents of the work as above given. His complete failure to exemplify the ideals of scientific method, and to satisfy the cravings of the intelligent among the audience to which he appeals, must be still more evident to one who reads the book itself, even without careful analysis and without special search for the basis of the author's conclusions. H. R. M.

G. R. Putnam of the Coast Survey, delivered a course of lectures on Nautical Charts at Columbia University last winter which John Wiley & Sons have recently published in book form. The account of nautical surveying and chart-making is not uninteresting, but, of course, it appeals to a very limited circle of readers. The historical notes are brief and dry. The detailed description of what a chart shows on its face is wholly superfluous to the navigator. As might have been expected, the author speaks favorably of the polyconic projection, so much disliked by practical men. Unnecessary alike to the hydrographer and the sailor, this little book may yet prove attractive to the curious in maritime matters.

"Hydraulics and Its Application," by A. H. Gibson of the University of Manchester, a volume of 747 pages and 310 illustrations, is issued in this country by the D. Van Nostrand Co. It might seem that with so many books on this subject but little new or valuable material could be found. Yet Mr. Gibson has undoubtedly succeeded in securing not only new material, but in treating it with some novelty. To be sure, certain propositions based on the processes of mathematical physics cannot be changed, and in all succeeding books must appear in practically identical form, but the author of this work exhibits, nevertheless, a refreshing element of open-mindedness toward the meaning of the various expressions derived for the action of fluids. The method of treatment is briefly stated in the first part of the preface:

> Were water a perfectly non-viscous, inelastic fluid, whose particles, when in motion, always followed sensibly parallel paths, hydraulics would be one of the most exact of the sciences. But water satisfies none of these conditions, and the result is that in the majority of cases brought before the engineer, motions and forces of such complexity are introduced as baffle all attempts at a rigorous solution. This being so, the best that can be done is to discuss each phenomenon on the assumption that the fluid in motion is perfect, and to modify the results so obtained until they fit the results of experiment, by the introduction of some empirical constant which shall involve the effect of every disregarded factor.

As a text-book this work can be used only by students who have had a proper

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training in the calculus. It compares favorably, indeed, with the standard American text-book, "Merriman," and by some it might be regarded as superior, which is high praise. The volume is well adapted to the needs of students of engineering in the better class of schools, and deserves a place on the shelves of any practising engineer who is concerned with hydraulics.

A biography of the celebrated chemist, Justus von Liebig, in two volumes (Leipzig: Barth), has just been published by Dr. J. Volhard, now professor of chemistry in the University of Halle, but formerly a pupil and assistant of Liebig in Munich. In addition to interesting personal recollections, the work contains valuable material derived from Liebig's extensive correspondence with relatives, friends, and prominent scientific men, now preserved in the archives of the Royal State Library in Munich. This life is very well written, and gives not only an interesting sketch of the career and delineation of the character of a many-sided and exceedingly attractive personality, but also a valuable account of the origin and evolution of organic chemistry, of which Liebig was the real founder. He was also the first to discover its importance in agriculture and physiology. It is interesting to note that, though Liebig's laboratory at Giessen soon became known as the best in Germany, and attracted students from all parts of the country, many of his pedantic colleagues refused to recognize chemistry as a science, or to admit that it was entitled to a place in the curriculum of a university. The striking results of his research in the quantitative analysis of organic bodies caused him to be denounced by the Bishop of Mayence as a materialist, and the most dangerous of heretics. Soon after he was appointed to the University of Munich, in 1852, an interesting and important incident occurred. The young daughter of a friend suffered from a severe illness. After the crisis was passed, her stomach was incapable of digesting any kind of food, and she was dying of exhaustion. Liebig tried to devise some means of saving her. He walked for hours to and fro in the laboratory, and sat up all night, thinking how to provide nutriment which could be assimilated without undergoing the ordinary process of digestion. Early the next morning he sent for a chicken, and prepared from it a concentrated meat-juice, to which he added a few drops of hydrochloric acid. He came to the bed on which the girl lay, apparently breathing her last, and gave her a teaspoonful of the predigested food, and repeated the experiment at regular intervals. In a short time the patient began to regain her strength, and slowly recovered. Such was the origin of the *extractum carnis frigide paratum*, which has proved to be invaluable in many cases of sickness, and is everywhere highly prized as a source of sustenance. The biography contains an accurate and admirable account of the social, intellectual, and industrial condition of Munich at that time, which will be a revelation to most readers.

A book of interest at the present time is Dr. Karl Weule's "Negerleben in Ostafrika: Ergebnisse einer ethnologischen Forschungsreise" (Leipzig: Brockhaus). It is a volume of 524 pages, with a map and 196 illustrations, four of which are in colors. The author is professor of ethnology in the University of Leipzig, and also director of the Ethnological Museum in that city. He began his travels in German East Africa in 1906, exploring the whole country and embodying the results of his research in a scientific work of a popular character, free from racial antipathies. He describes the peculiarities of the indigenous tribes, their manners and customs, clothing and ornaments, marriage and family life, and ideas of law, religion, and art, illustrated by some simple and quite childish specimens of their drawings. The volume is a clear and unprejudiced psychological study of the negro.

The seventh International Congress for Criminal Anthropology will meet in Cologne in 1910.

Drama.

MR. BARRIE'S NEW PLAY.

"What Every Woman Knows," the latest comedy of J. M. Barrie, which may now be seen in the Empire Theatre, is not a good play in the technical sense, for it is awkwardly constructed and violates probability for the sake of situation, but it contains some wonderful studies of Scottish character, and is delightful entertainment. If the author could build a plot as well as he can compose a scene or illustrate a character in speech and action, he would be the greatest dramatist of his time. As it is, he stands almost alone in freshness of observation, originality of invention, and whimsicality of fancy, allied with an instinctive comprehension of human, especially Scottish, nature.

Nothing more absolutely original, more fanciful and yet essentially veracious than the first act, which is nearly worth all the rest put together, has been seen in the theatre for years. The idea of an ambitious Scottish railway porter, John Shand, turning burglar simply for the purpose of studying the books belonging to his more prosperous neighbors, is altogether new, as is the notion of the shrewd and equally Scottish neighbors appreciating the intruder at his true value, and securing him as the future husband of their neglected sister. But the most striking originality lies in the vitality of the personages concerned, the sharp and clear differentiation of the three brothers, and the wonderfully natural study of the surprised but shrewd and calculating porter—ever mindful of the main chance. The figure of the canny little housewife, Maggie, is equally alive. The whole scene is as human and actual as it is humorous. It was scarcely to be expected that the play could be maintained at this level and there is a falling off in the later acts, especially in the management of the episodes attending the conjugal crisis preceding Maggie's final triumph. But these mechanical weaknesses and glaring improbabilities at more than one point, do not greatly affect the general quality of the play or its moral.

The interest centres, not so much in the details of the story, as in the contrasted characters of the able but utterly selfish and humorless Shand, whose egotism blinds him to his own deficiencies, and of the faithful wife, whose saving grace of humor enables her to make allowances for her husband's gross ingratitude and folly and finally to awaken him to a realization of her superiority and the debt he owes her. Both are drawn with fine insight and consistency, and one of them, that of the husband, is played at the Empire with notable skill by Richard Bennett, but the part of the plain little Scotch housewife Maggie, with all her depth of feeling and latent humor, is barely suggested by Miss Maude Adams, who endows it with her own much more fascinating, but often inappropriate personality. Thus the piece fails of its full effect, but there can be no doubt of its public success. The general interpretation is capital.

"The History of the Boston Theatre, 1854-1901" (Houghton Mifflin Co.), prepared by Eugene Tompkins, manager of the house from 1878 to 1901, with the assistance of Quincy Kilby, is a record of the names of plays and performers, dates of production, etc., which will be valuable as a work of reference in theatrical libraries, and will be treasured by collectors for the sake of its gallery of portraits—many of which are rare. The volume, though practically devoid of biographical or critical matter, nevertheless contains much that is interesting and significant. In the first place, it bears striking testimony to the literary and dramatic value of the work which was accomplished during the thirty years (1854-1884) of the house's existence as a stock company theatre. All the best-known examples of the literary and poetic drama were interpreted in rapid succession by companies which could not be equalled today by any "all star" cast which could be formed. One comedy company, for instance—picked at random—contained John Gilbert, William Wheatley, E. L. Davenport, John E. Owens, George C. Boniface, L. R. Shewell, Charles Barron, Mrs. Gladstane, Mary Wells, Mrs. Skerritt, and Mrs. Ryer. Such instances might be multiplied almost indefinitely. It is worth noting that the famous old house was opened originally with "The Rivals" and "The Loan of a Lover," a programme which was the object of pulpit denunciation, on the score of its being "silly and coarse." What would the preacher have thought of some of our more modern entertainments? Where so much is omitted it was, perhaps, scarcely worth while to reprint the vulgar abuse which Edwin Forrest heaped upon John Gilbert, who had ventured to criticise his conduct. It appears that Edwin Booth first heard of the assassination of Lincoln by his brother

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from the lips of the negro valet who awakened him on the morning after the tragedy. This is one of the very few anecdotes in the book, which indeed is but the groundwork of a history yet to be written.

The literature which has grown up about Friedrich Hebbel (see the *Nation* of December 17, p. 610) has received two new additions. In the series of Hebbel-Forschungen, edited by Richard Maria von Werner and W. Bloch-Wunschmann, there has appeared a study entitled "Die Tragödie Hebbels: Ihre Stellung und Redeutung in der Entwicklung des Dramas," by Dr. Johannes Krumm. Hebbel as poet of woman is treated by Hilde Engel-Mitscherlich in a little volume of 129 pages, called "Hebbel als Dichter der Frau." Both works are imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.

Alexander von Weilen, one of the foremost dramatic critics of Vienna and editor of Goethe in the Weimar edition, as also of Schlegel's translations of "Hamlet," "Lear," and "The Merchant of Venice," has written an interesting book of two hundred pages, "Hamlet auf der deutschen Bühne bis zur Gegenwart" (Berlin: Georg Reimer). It forms the third volume of the publications of the German Shakespeare Society.

Lyly's "Campaspe" was recently performed at Oxford, by the students of Lady Margaret Hall, in order to raise money for their library. According to the London *Times*, the dances had been studied from contemporary sources in the Bodleian. The players wore classical costume, but otherwise the lines were strictly Elizabethan, a proscenium and drop curtain being the only modern things noticeable. The tub of Diogenes was thrust on or off as needed, and the "shop" of Apelles was disclosed by the drawing of the traverse when song or dance occurred. The music was all of the period, or as near it as could be, except that to the song about Campaspe and Cupid, for which, in the absence of the original tune, W. H. Hadow had composed a setting.

That clever English writer, St. John Hankin, seems to tread upon very delicate and dangerous ground in his comedy, "The Last of the De Mullins," which has just been produced by the London Stage Society. Apparently, it is a satire upon the least precious sort of family pride. Janet De Mullin is the daughter of an ancient house that has been withering in mouldy but respectable insignificance for generations. Born with the spirit of revolt, she permits herself to love unwisely and too well. Being deserted by her lover, and unable to conceal her lapse, she goes to London, where she starts a hatshop, prospers, and boldly faces the world with her fatherless boy. By and by her parents become more or less reconciled with her, but are scandalized at the idea of a De Mullin making a living out of trade. They demand that she shall return and live in the old home, with the child; but she finds that she can no longer exist in the ancestral atmosphere, with its old-fashioned prejudices and pride, and therefore goes back to town to fight the battle of life alone, maintaining that she has been justified from the first by the maternal instinct which had prompted her. Mr. Hankin, it appears, found an admirable impersonator of his emancipated heroine in Lillah McCarthy.

Miss Evelyn Millard will assume the management of the London Criterion Theatre on February 1, and it is there that she will produce the new comedy that Robert Hichens has written for her.

Mrs. Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland, writer for the magazines and author of several plays, died in Boston December 24. She was for many years on the dramatic staff of the *Transcript* and other Boston newspapers. She published "Po' White Trash and Other One-Act Dramas" and "In Office Hours and Other Vaudeville Sketches"; adapted Booth Tarkington's "Monsieur Beaucaire" for the stage; and collaborated with Gen. Charles King in producing "Fort Frayne," and with Beulah Marie Dix in "The Breed of the Treshams," "Boy O'Carroll," "The Road to Yesterday," and "Young Fernald."

Music.

The Psychology of Singing. By David C. Taylor. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

When the writer of a book for singers and students asserts that "modern methods contain not one single topic of any value whatever in the training of the voice," it is usually safe to regard him without further examination as either a charlatan or as one of the numerous teachers who, without being humbugs themselves, try to make students believe that all their rivals are. It would be a great mistake to throw aside Mr. Taylor's book on any such supposition, for it is a treatise of unusual value and may mark the beginning of a new epoch in vocal instruction. Hans von Bülow once remarked that "Italy was the cradle of music and remained the cradle." This is true in the sense that, while the overture, the symphony, the opera, the oratorio, originated in Italy, it was in other countries that these forms were developed and perfected. But in two things Italy has never been surpassed or even equalled—in the making of violins and in the training of singers. The "Stradivarius" and the "Old Italian Method" are still the models for the present and the future. Within a few years, however, it has been asserted that the secret of building violins equal to the old Cremonas has been found in Germany; and if Mr. Taylor is right, students of song will be able once more to enjoy the benefits of instruction by the old Italian method.

What was that method? It was no method at all, in the modern sense of the word. Little is known regarding the manner in which the Italian masters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries achieved such marvellous results with their pupils; but it seems certain that they gave no anatomical or acoustic instruction, no directions regarding the use of vocal cords, the tongue, the diaphragm, nasal resonance, and so on. In 1800 the old system was on the wane, and during the years 1840 to 1865 it was superseded by the modern "scientific" methods. How the practical method of the old teachers came to be forgotten is a mystery, as there were always traditions regarding at least the four essential precepts: "singing on the breath," "opening the throat," "singing the tone at the lips," and "supporting the tone." The most obvious explanation is that the method by which the old masters taught was purely empirical and that when Garcia, by his invention of the laryngoscope, in 1855, made possible the formulating of a scientific system based on anatomical knowledge, all the best teachers were lured to the new paths of research and neglected the old traditions. And that, in the view of Mr. Taylor, was a calamity from which singers are still suffering. The teachers devoted all their time to the study of three sciences—anatomy, acoustics, and mechanics—neglecting psychology, the one science which is of most use to them and solves the chief problems. To prove this is the object of the present volume.

One of the old Italian masters, Tosi, declared that no one who has not a good ear should undertake either to instruct or to sing, and that students should lose no opportunity to hear great singers, "because from the attention in hearing them one reaps more advantage than from any instruction whatsoever." Here is the germ of Mr. Taylor's doctrine. He cites Ffrangcon-Davies's remark: "The training of the ear is one-half of the training of the voice"; and Wesley Mills's advice to students to hear the best singers, to note carefully the *quality* of their tones, and to "*imitate these qualities* with their own voices." This advice, our author says, "may almost be described as revolutionary," and on this basis he develops his theory that imitation is the rational foundation of a method of voice culture. The voice needs no guidance other than the ear. No one questions the ability of the voice to sing by imitation a note of any particular pitch. Why, then, should it be unable to sing a note of any particular quality, guided only by the ear? Mr. Taylor is convinced that this was the old Italian method, and that the art of singing will continue to decline until this method is restored and the mechanical method of teaching in accordance with anatomical, acoustic, and mechanical principles is dropped.

It is a sweeping doctrine, but our author, it must be admitted, makes out a strong case. He is right in saying that the correct vocal action is naturally and instinctively adopted by the voice without any attention being paid to the operations of the vocal mechanism.

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Such attention, he asserts, is, in fact, an actual impediment. As soon as conscious mechanical management of the voice is attempted, throat stiffness results; and throat stiffness is the only troublesome feature of the training of voices. If some teachers succeed with the mechanical method in turning out good voices, it is because they unconsciously apply also the imitative method, saying to the pupil: "Listen to me and do as I do." But most of the time is given to the "scientific" teaching. Mr. Taylor does not deny that modern teachers who know anatomy and acoustics may even improve on the old Italians; but their main principle should ever be to call the pupil's attention to the quality of the tones and not to the throat. He foresees difficulties in the acceptance of his advice: pupils are impressed by anatomical jargon as savages are by their medicine-men. And there is another difficulty which he does not note. How many teachers can sing the beautiful and emotional tones they want their pupils to imitate?

An added interest will be given to the programme of the New York Symphony Society on January 3 and 5 by the first appearance at these concerts of Geraldine Farrar, and the first production in America of Sir Edward Elgar's new symphony in A flat, opus 55.

The Prussian Cultus Ministry has promised 60,000 marks to the commission in charge of the publication of the complete works of Joseph Haydn. The preparation of the material to date has already cost about 250,000 marks. The chairman of the commission is Dr. Adolf Sandberger, head of the music department in the University of Munich.

François Auguste Gavaërt, the Belgian composer and writer on musical topics, and for many years director of the Brussels Conservatory, has died, at the age of eighty. He was born at Huysse, the son of a baker. In 1841 he went to the Conservatory of Ghent, took the Prix de Rome for composition, and in 1843 was appointed organist of the Jesuits' Church at Ghent, where, in 1846, a Christmas cantata of his composition was performed. The following year his Psalm, "Super flumina," was given with success at the festival of the Zangverband. His next important work was two operas, "Hugues de Somerghen" and "La Comédie à la ville." He now set out on his travels, stopping at Paris in 1849, and then going to Spain, where he composed his orchestral fantasia "Sobre motivos españoles." He was *chef de chant* at the Paris Opéra from 1867 until 1870, when the war with Prussia sent him to Brussels, where he was made director of the Conservatory of Music, succeeding Félis. Among his operas are "Le Billet de Marguerite," "Les Lavandières de Santarem," "Quentin Durward," "Château Trompetti," and "Le Capitaine Henriot." But his compositions have ceased to possess anything like the importance attached to his works in the field of musical science. He is the author of the authoritative work on orchestration ("Traité d'instrumentation"), and his books on Gregorian and other church music ("Leerboek van den Gregoriaenchen zang," "Les Origines du chant liturgique") are regarded as among the best on the subject. He is also an authority on the music of the ancient nations. Under his direction many historic concerts were given in Brussels. One of his reforms at the Conservatory consisted in placing the singing classes under the annual inspection of some celebrated vocalist.

Art.

A Chronicle of Friendship: 1873-1900. By Will H. Low. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

The fragments of Mr. Low's book, which were published in *Scribner's Magazine*, give a somewhat false impression of the nature of the volume. The parts selected were mainly those dealing with the two Stevensons, Louis and "Bob," and many lovers of R. L. S. will be likely to turn to the book for further light on their hero. They will find little not already printed, but they will find many other things worth reading.

Many efforts have been made, both in fiction and in reminiscences, to paint the life of artists and of art students, but we know of none so successful as this. To one whose own student days in Paris, and at Grez and other such resorts, fell in the years immediately succeeding those Mr. Low writes of, it is little less than amazing to see how accurately the atmosphere of time and place is given, and how wonderfully the feelings and the sentiments of artistic youth are reproduced. And in the later portions, the point of view of the artist, his outlook on life and on the problems of his own profession, are rendered as, to our knowledge, no novelist or writer of memoirs has rendered them.

This is not to say that Mr. Low has given us a profound philosophy of art or a contribution to art criticism. What little of such matters the book contains is *obiter dicta*. It is a picture of life that the author offers us, not a theoretical discussion, and it is as a picture, better even than the best of those he has produced in another medium, that it will be enjoyed. It is a picture painted without visible method or preoccupation of style. Mr. Low is leisurely and rambling, writing "as it comes," in a style, which, if sometimes confused, and never concise, yet possesses great charm—the charm of the pleasant, natural talk of a genial and cultivated man of wide experience, trained powers of observation, and retentive memory.

Among the friendships chronicled are those with many artists of national and international importance, and the book is valuable for the anecdotes of these men which it contains; but its chief interest is, after all, that of all autobiographies—the interest of conscious or unconscious self-revelation—and, although not formally an autobiography, it is among such works that it may, not improbably, take a permanent place as not the least delightful in that delightful company.

"The Reminiscences of Augustus Saint-Gaudens," edited by his son, Homer Saint-Gaudens, begins in the *Century* of January.

The Oxford University Press is preparing to issue a series of volumes of British historical portraits. The first book of 103 portraits (from Richard II to Henry Wriothesley) is about ready for publication. A general introduction is provided by C. F. Bell, and with each portrait there is a brief biography by C. R. L. Fletcher.

"Some Notable Altars in the Church of England and the American Episcopal Church," by the Rev. John Wright (The Macmillan Co.), is a quarto which will interest Protestant churchmen, for it contains 114 plates of altars and altar pieces—in short, of the east ends of churches as seen from within—and reveals much in the way of traditional and recent tendencies in that phase of architecture. If the architect or the sculptor be less attracted, it will be because of the inevitable reappearance in such a collection of the old forms and arrangements. Unfortunately, the opportunity to show us the best obtainable has not been fully utilized. The plates are uneven in quality; the reredos of Truro Cathedral, for example, is the work of Pearson, one of the few men who can design, in architecture; but the half-tone (plate 27) is very dim and vague; evidently the original negative was poor. The account of this work is, moreover, a perfunctory notice furnished in print by the cathedral authorities. The half-tone of the reredos of Gloucester Cathedral, and those of Worcester, Ely, and Salisbury are better. But all these are designed by George Gilbert Scott, the typical busy architect, turning out much work, all of a recognized type, which displays to the full the monotonous dulness of a non-artistic period. The altar of York Cathedral is by a more artistically minded man, George Edmund Street, but this is what is called a "triptych," or a framed sculpture with many figures, with wooden doors to shut upon it, so that the architect had no chance to show his hand. There are several east ends of wholly neo-classical design, of which the most grandiose is that of St. Paul's Cathedral. The most important of the ancient examples is the vast screen of Beverly Minster, elaborately restored, and the reredos of All Souls' College at Oxford, a structure of 1438, which, as we are told, was concealed throughout the civil war, and for years thereafter, by a plastered wall built across the east end of the chapel. The book gives also the silver altar of St. Mark's Church, Philadelphia, and the apse of the Church of the Savior, West Philadelphia, with an important painting by E. H. Blashfield filling the semi-dome.

"A History of British Water Colour Painting," by H. M. Cundall (E. P. Dutton & Co.), strikes one at first sight as a superfluous, if handsome, book, and a careful reading does little to dissipate the impression. It contains besides the history

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proper, in which such alien matters as the illumination of manuscripts and portrait miniature are perfunctorily included, a somewhat elaborate account of the formation and vicissitudes of the several water color societies, a list of their members in the order of election, and an alphabetical register of succinct biographies. Now the British water color school, if it does not loom very large in the general history of art, is naturally interesting to those of Anglo-Saxon race, if only because being on the whole a poor thing it is their own. A writer who had anything in the way of valuable opinion or substantial addition to facts to contribute would not lack his welcome. Mr. Cundall has chronicled some previously unbroached small beer anent the societies; for the rest, his book is a compilation that nowhere reveals either unusual taste or intelligence. It is written in very slovenly English, and abounds in minor but significant inaccuracies. The author believes that the Romans painted frescoes, meaning presumably wall paintings; he regards tempera as a branch of water color (why not fresco then?), thinks that Holbein may have learned the difficult art of miniature painting from a British (!) practitioner named Lucas Hornebolt. The encyclopædic portion may be convenient for those who are too indolent to use the obvious books of reference, or are devoted exclusively to aquarelle. Fifty-eight color plates of fair execution are presumably the excuse for the general text. It at least affords one tidbit. In 1807 the Assoc ated Artists in Water Colors passed a resolution requiring every member to exhibit at least five works "of which or any greater number, two-thirds may consist of portraits, but the remainder must be works of imagination." Alas, the percentage of imagination has never subsequently been so high in the British water color school.

With Dr. Oswald Sirén's valuable monograph, "Giottino und seine Stellung in der gleichzeitigen florentinischen Malerei," (Leipzig: Klinkhardt & Biermann), begins auspiciously a new series, Kunstwissenschaftliche Studien. Dr. Sirén attacks the obscure problem of Giottino with his usual acumen. The method is analytical after the manner of Morelli—a procedure here forced from the fact that documents are virtually absent and the Florentine tradition of this painter is confused from an early time. Dr. Sirén accepts the tradition that Giottino was the son of Maestro Stefano. It seems to us that this relationship is made merely plausible. Our artist, rather a feeble person in essentials, never emulates the plastic manner of his great namesake, but seeks, like Ambrogio, spatial effects, and, like the Sienese generally, a decorous and symmetrical arrangement embodied with little real modelling in gay decorative colors. Space fails us to follow Dr. Sirén's interesting and usually convincing reconstruction of the work of Giottino. In brief we may note that he has doubled the old list, and in especial that in the grandiose but ruined Calvary in the chapter house of Sto. Spirito he has virtually discovered and first justly appreciated one of the finest trecento creations in Florence. Naturally this new list will be challenged at many points. As usual, Dr. Sirén has cast his net widely. He discusses the whole course of painting in the generation after Giotto, of whose grand manner Andrea Orcagna is declared to be the only real inheritor. There are, for example, provisional lists, embodying many new attributions, for Taddeo Gaddi, Giovanni da Milano, Andrea da Firenze, Agnolo Gaddi, Antonio Veneziano, and Spinello Aretino, while Buffalmaco is discussed in the text. Every serious student of the period must have a book the varied interest of which we have only indicated. For the æsthetic appreciation of the time this study is also important. It confirms the isolated position of Giotto as the single genius whose mind was on the real issues of painting. The minor talents slipped back readily into the Byzantine habit of diffuse narrative and calligraphic formulas. The reform of Giotto meant meat too strong for the babes that surrounded and followed him. Critics like Dr. Sirén help us to understand how much of minor and graceful ingenuity may be detected in artists whose general influence was distinctly retrograde. We thus free ourselves from misleading analogies with biological evolution, and realize how very individual and naturally inconsecutive is the human product that we generalize under the name of art.

Prof. Alessandro Chiappelli of Florence announces the discovery of an unusually well-preserved fresco, belonging to the middle of the fourteenth century. As a representative of the League of Friends of Florentine Monuments, he obtained permission to reopen and examine some of the old shrines on the south side of the Arno. In a large shrine, at the corner of the Via della Chiesa and the Via del Leone, behind the Church of Santa Maria del Carmine, he discovered a fresco which represents the Virgin seated on a Gothic throne, holding the Child, who blesses with his right hand and holds in his left hand a small castle, on which are some half-effaced Gothic letters. There are gold halos and gold arabesques on the Virgin's mantle and robe. There are four very beautiful angels above the Virgin, and below are St. John the Baptist and a praying monk. The artist belongs to the school of Giotto, and the work shows notable resemblances to that of Maso (or Maso di Banco, as he is also called), in the chapel of San Silvestro in Santa Croce, and to his Deposition from the Cross in the Uffizi Gallery.

At Christie's, London, on December 12, Nattier's Portrait of the Marquise de Rumillys, in white dress, with pale blue robe and powdered hair, brought £2,940.

Finance.

THE PASSING YEAR.

To-day ends a curious financial year, concerning whose true relation, both to the years which preceded and to those that will follow, nobody can at the moment speak with assurance. There has been substantial recovery; but it is not easy to determine whether that recovery has or has not been more rapid than is usual in the twelvemonth following a panic. The familiar test of iron production, for example, shows a rise in the weekly output from 232,652 tons, at the opening of last January—the low level—to 391,102 at the beginning of the present month. Turning back a decade and a half we see that from the weekly output of 73,895, which, on October 1, 1893, marked the nadir of that trade reaction, production had got back by the last month of 1894 to 168,762. That was a much larger ratio of increase; yet 1894 is classed as a period of slow recovery.

The panic of 1873 witnessed a sudden plunge of industry, directly from a pinnacle of unparalleled activity and high prices. In this respect, 1907 resembles 1873 more closely than it does 1893; one might expect, therefore, to find the analogy between those two after-panic periods more exact. And, in fact, there have been many close analogies. To which of the two years, 1874 or 1908, would the reader suppose the following description to apply?

Having passed through the extraordinary crisis, there was a general rebound from the previous depression, and an expectation of renewed buoyancy in business affairs, which was not really warranted by the facts of the case. This general anticipation of a rapid and wonderful recuperation from the effects of the panic is not without significance, as it has formed, to a great extent, the standard by which the actual results of the year have been measured. . . . The effects of good crops in the principal articles of agricultural produce were undoubtedly beneficial. . . . Rigid economy was practised alike by all, from the largest corporations to the humblest individual.

Railroad earnings showed in most cases a material falling off as compared with previous years, so far as their gross receipts were concerned, but a great economy in working expenses, which made net earnings of a number of prominent lines equal to, or greater than, those of the preceding year. . . . Prices of dividend-paying stocks were well maintained, particularly in the last half of the year.

This citation, which so closely describes the events of 1908, is taken from the *Financial Chronicle* of January 9, 1875, in its review of the year just ended. It certainly suggests reflection, as to whe-

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ther, after all, 1908 has differed so widely from a normal after-panic year.

The same review, however, contains one or two passages which do not at all describe 1908. Money was relatively quite as easy then as in the present year, and surplus bank reserves as large. But, we are told, "the stock market was less agitated by violent fluctuations, and less influenced by speculative combinations, than for many previous years," and as a consequence, "the course of prices was thus left to be governed more by natural causes, and by the actual values of the several stocks." Here is a contrast which may well make the reader pause; it is possibly a key to the characteristic events of 1908. Are we better off at the close of the present year, or are we worse off, because of the wild speculation for the rise which, from January to December, has rioted on the Stock Exchange? If that speculation were to be considered in itself, all right-minded people would answer, Very much worse off. No good can come from such wholesale dissemination of delusion, falsehood, and mistaken judgment of industrial and economic conditions as has marked every outbreak of the kind this year, and certainly nothing can be gained by a 10 or 20-point rise, manipulated by high financiers, only to be followed by a sudden and almost equally large decline, with consequent losses imposed on the unlucky speculators and investors.

On the other hand, and after all this is said, there is the other possible inference that, underneath all these demonstrations of perverted reasoning, there may be a substratum of resources, and genuine confidence which will at any rate make the second and third of this generation's after-panic years something different, even in the real things, from the corresponding years after 1893 and 1873.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Atkins, J. B. Side-Shows. London: Christophers.

Babcock, C. E. The Persecution of Stephen Strong. Broadway Publishing Co. $1.

Barnes, William. Select Poems. Edited by Thomas Hardy. Henry Frowde.

Cæsar, Julius. Commentarii Rerum in Gallia Gestarum. Edited by H. Meusel. Berlin: W. Weber.

Echoes from the *Oxford Magazine*: Being Reprints of Seven Years. Henry Frowde.

Fanning, Col. David, Complete Narrative of. Edited by A. W. Savary. Reprinted from the *Canadian Magazine*.

Galt, John. Annals of the Parish. Henry Frowde.

Green, Samuel Swett. Worcester, England, and Worcester, Massachusetts. Worcester, Mass.: F. S. Blanchard & Co.

Johnston, Annie Fellows. The Rescue of the Princess Winsome: A Fairy Play for Old and Young. Boston: L. C. Page.

Johnson, Clifton, Editor. Songs Every One Should Know. American Book Co. 50 cts.

Marks, Alfred. Tyburn Tree: Its History and Annals. London: Brown, Langham & Co.

Marriott, Charles. The Kiss of Helen. John Lane. $1.50.

Melitz, Leo. The Opera Goers' Complete Guide. Translated by Richard Salinger. Dodd, Mead. $1.20 net.

Moret, A. Au Temps des Pharaons. Paris: Armand Colin.

Murray, Sara Van Alen. Flesh and Matter. The Scriptures versus Christian Science; Christian Science versus Personal Opinion: A Criticism. Published by the Author, 1 Madison Avenue.

Myth, M. Y. T. H. A Tale Confided by the Woods. In Five Acts. Broadway Publishing Co. $1.

Myth, M. Y. T. H. Tales of Enchantment. Broadway Publishing Co. $1.25.

Scribe et Legouvé. Bataille de dames ou un duel en amour. Edited by Charles A. Eggert. American Book Co.

Sigsbee, A. Elizabeth. Heart Poems. Broadway Publishing Co. 75 cents.

Tannenforst, Ursula. Heroines of a Schoolroom. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co.

Walton, Esmée. Aurora of Poverty Hill. Broadway Publishing Co. $1.50.

Apropos of the Darwin Centenary

V. L. KELLOGG'S DARWINISM TO-DAY

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